

The Juggernauts, by Scott Alan Woodard

A Big Finish Productions Dr Who Audio Drama, released Jan 2005

[Part One]

(Explosions, alarms.)

COMPUTER: Hull breach. All bridge personnel please proceed immediately to escape modules. Hull integrity now at thirty four percent.

DOCTOR: Hurry, Mel! We don't have much time!

MEL: Doctor, I don't understand. What's going on?

DOCTOR: This ship is under fire, and I sincerely doubt if our anticipating survivors.

MEL: But I thought they were delivering medical supplies.

DOCTOR: Yes, precisely.

(Boom! Creak of metal under strain.)

MEL: That did not feel right.

DOCTOR: No, definitely not. Stay close, we're almost there.

MEL: What about the captain and all the crew?

DOCTOR: I'm afraid Captain Hazeel was one of the first casualties. Our attackers focussed their initial salvo on the control dome. They knew exactly what they were doing.

MEL: Oh, that poor man.

DOCTOR: Woman, Mel. Hazeel was a female of the species.

MEL: Really? But I thought you said those yellow things were

DOCTOR: Look, Mel, through here. You can just see the enemy ship. Yes, there it is. It looks vaguely familiar.

(Boom!)

MEL: A lousy time for sight-seeing.

DOCTOR: Agreed. This way, er, I think. (breathless) Ah, here we are. Quickly, Mel. Into the escape pod.

MEL: Wait. What about you?

DOCTOR: I'll find you once I've located the Tardis. It's er, it's not far from here. Now go, please!

MEL: But Doctor

DOCTOR: We really don't have time for this, Mel. You must go now. Trust me.

MEL: Yes, all right, I'm going.

COMPUTER: Welcome aboard escape module delta five jay. Please be seated, and fasten your safety harness as illustrated. When you are ready, depress the flashing green button on the console in front of you to launch this module.

MEL: Good luck, Doctor. See you

DOCTOR: Soon, Mel. Very soon. Yes, once I've located the Tardis. I wonder where it is?

COMPUTER: Please prepare for launch.

MEL: And how exactly do I prepare? I'm somehow reminded of my first time on the Big Dipper.

COMPUTER: Escape module now disengaging. Hold tight please.

MEL: Here we go.

COMPUTER: Reactor melt-down imminent.

VOICE: Please, help.

DOCTOR: Hello? Is someone there?

VOICE: Please.

DOCTOR: Keep talking. I can't see you through all the smoke. I think I'm almost to you now.

VOICE: Please.

(Close explosion.)

DOCTOR: Hello? Hello? Oh. Oh dear. I'm sorry. (explosion, running) Ah! Ah, the Tardis at last. Truly a sight for irritated oculi. Time we were leaving.

COMPUTER: Module now clearing blast radius.

MEL: Blast radius?

(KaBOOM!)

MEL: Oh no!

COMPUTER: Module guidance systems are no longer receiving [??] Adjusting course. Emergency landing imminent.

MEL: Now what?
COMPUTER: Crash-down in ten, nine
MEL: Crash-down?
COMPUTER: Eight
MEL: Any chance of landing as opposed to crashing?
COMPUTER: Five, four
MEL: Doctor!
COMPUTER: Two

(Rapid beeping stops. Tinkling music starts.)

COMPUTER: Good morning, Miss Bush.

(Mel groans.)

COMPUTER: It is now five o'clock Lethean standard.

MEL: And I wanted to be awakened at this time because?

COMPUTER: This morning you are required in the main laboratory.

MEL: Oh, that's right. Lights to level five, please. Oh, best make that level two. And let's lose the soundtrack.

Oh, ah, oh. Well, I'm not going anywhere until I take a nice hot shower.

COMPUTER: Current temperature of available water supply is twenty three point three three five degrees Celsius.

MEL: Almost tropical.

COMPUTER: You have twenty six litres of water ration remaining.

MEL: I'll just have to be quick. (showering) I don't suppose there's any sign of the Doctor?

COMPUTER: Since your initial monitoring request seventy two days ago, no temporal disturbances of any kind have been detected by colony sensors.

MEL: Brr. It's freezing. And the homing beacon?

COMPUTER: Functioning normally.

MEL: Thank you. Oh, that's so cold.

(The Doctor groans.)

DOCTOR: Evelyn? Oh no. No, of course not. Mel. Mel? Where am I? Better still, when am I? Hello? Is anyone there? Focus, Doctor. You're in a large chamber. Hello? I'd say roughly thirty metres across by the sound of it. The unmistakeable though distant hum of interstellar engines. Spaceship. (sniffs) Oxygen with traces of argon and methane? Climate control almost non-existent. It's freezing in here. And of course I appear to be restrained. Oh Mel, I'm afraid our rendezvous may be slightly delayed.

TANNOY: Mining shift A please report for duty in shaft fourteen.

GEOFF: Mel, wait up.

MEL: Oh, good morning, Geoff.

GEOFF: I got you some coffee.

MEL: Thanks. This morning I won't say no to the caffeine.

GEOFF: It's decaffeinated. You know how the alkaloids interact with our security COMPUTERS.

MEL: You know, I am still not totally comfortable with this thing transmitting inside me.

GEOFF: They are standard

MEL: Standard issue, yes, I know. But where I grew up, these things would have had the conspiracy nuts all a-flutter. George Orwell, Big Brother is watching you, and all that.

GEOFF: Yeah, well, so, how'd you sleep?

MEL: Great.

GEOFF: Bad dreams again?

MEL: More like bad memories.

GEOFF: Sorry.

MEL: Believe me, it's nothing to do with you.

GEOFF: Ah. Am I one of the good memories, then?

MEL: Not if you had anything to do with this coffee.

(Door opens.)

SONALI: Hey, you two. I've been wondering when you'd show up.

(Door closes.)

MEL: Good morning, Sonali.

GEOFF: Morning.

SONALI: The Professor's been asking for you.

MEL: Me?

SONALI: Yes.

GEOFF: Should I be jealous?

MEL: Oh, please. He's very sweet, but he is old enough to be my father. And anyway, Geoff, I was always

under the impression that one had to actually be in a relationship to be jealous of another.

GEOFF: It doesn't hurt to hope.

VASO: Melanie, could you come here, please?

MEL: Oops. Hold my coffee, will you, Geoff? Coming, Professor.

SONALI: When are you going to give it a rest, Geoff?

GEOFF: When she flat-out tells me no. No beating around the, well, bush. Just a nice, clean, clear-cut no.

SONALI: Huh. I'll believe that when I see it. (leaves)

GEOFF: I just hope it'll take a little longer for Mel to say it than it did for you.

MEL: Good morning, Professor.

VASO: Melanie, you do realise you kept us all waiting.

MEL: I'm really sorry. It's just that I was trying

VASO: No. No need to worry, my dear. All that matters is that you are here now, yes?

MEL: And I'm definitely raring to go, Professor.

VASO: Excellent, excellent. Everyone gather round, please. Now, all your wonderful hard work is about to pay off. When our miners unearth the remains of the machines you see before you, most people perceive them as nothing more than potential museum pieces. Fortunately I had the vision to think otherwise. I sensed their potential, through significant modification and upgrade, of course, and the Outreach Corporation agreed with me. Now soon some of their key executives will arrive to witness a demonstration of their, of our achievement. The most advanced service robot ever created. A versatile machine that will revolutionise the mining process and augment the lives of billions of outer world colonists. You have done a truly remarkable job. And I promise you will all be suitably rewarded, once the production lines start rolling.

ALL: Thank you, Professor.

VASO: Anyway, from the bottom of my artificial heart, thank you all. Now, please return to your work. We still have much to do, and not very much time.

DOCTOR: Hello? Who's there?

(Door opens.)

DOCTOR: I don't suppose you brought my coat? It's just that it's rather chilly in here, you know.

BLACK DALEK: Activate lighting grid.

DOCTOR: Oh! Oh! Bright. (beeps) Yes, that's much better. Oh, of course. I should have guessed it was you. I think I prefer the anonymity provided by the darkness. I can't say I'm at all pleased to see you lot. Surprise party, is it?

BLACK DALEK: Silence.

DOCTOR: And a Black Dalek as well, I see. You've obviously turned up for something frightfully important. Forgive me for not waving. It seems my wrists are bound. And my elbows. And my neck, for that matter. And DALEK 2: You will be silent.

DOCTOR: You should know me better than that. Besides, the point of interrogation is to extract information from your captive. I can't very well spill the proverbial beans if my mouth is shut, now can I? So what is it that you wish to know?

BLACK DALEK: This is not an interrogation, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Not an interrogation, eh? Well, I did notice a slight whiff of taratron in the air. Am I right in assuming that I'm standing in a molecular disintegration cage? So why am I still alive, if you don't mind my asking?

BLACK DALEK: You were ensnared within a Dalek time-scoop.

DOCTOR: Time scoop, eh? I'm almost impressed. And my Tardis?

BLACK DALEK: Your Time-Space capsule was saved from destruction.

DOCTOR: Pardon me for not thanking you, but I was mere moments from dematerialisation, you know. Getting plucked out of Time and Space by a load of Daleks is hardly my style. I didn't require, nor did I request your... help, is it?

BLACK DALEK: You were not rescued, Doctor. You have been recruited.

DOCTOR: I'm sorry. I didn't know I actually cared. Recruited for what, exactly?

BLACK DALEK: To prevent the creation of a future threat to the Daleks.

DOCTOR: Do you mean to say you're asking me to help you? I never suspected Daleks had a sense of humour. Know any good knock knock jokes?

BLACK DALEK: We require your assistance, Time Lord.

DOCTOR: And this is where I ask, why me, exactly, hmm? Couldn't one of your oh-so-efficient Dalek task forces sort this mess out?

BLACK DALEK: The atmosphere in which this work is taking place contains a potentially lethal toxin. It is harmless to humanoid life, but it has the potential to

DOCTOR: Exterminate the lot of you.

BLACK DALEK: Correct.

GEOFF: How's it going?

MEL: Oh, all right. I'm having some trouble reconfiguring the multi-task routines, but I'm almost there.

GEOFF: And how about in terms a lowly servo-mechanic might understand?

MEL: It won't go.

GEOFF: Gotcha.

MEL: You have to remember, Geoff, that up until a few months ago, the only computer languages I was adept in were Basic, COBOL, and FORTRAN.

GEOFF: And you used to work out your sums with an abacus, right?

MEL: Very funny.

GEOFF: Well, the Prof is certainly pleased with your work, and I don't think we'd be where we are now without you.

MEL: Thanks. I appreciate that.

SONALI: I think we're almost ready, Mel.

MEL: All right, Sonali. Just let me upload my revisions. It'll only take a second.

VASO: Everything all right, Melanie?

MEL: Yes. All finished, Professor. It should be good to go.

VASO: Good. The moment of truth. Sonali, if you'd be so kind as to switch it on.

MECHONOID: One. Input. Hundred. One. Enter.

VASO: Do you understand me?

MECHONOID: English. Enter. Stop.

VASO: I'll assume that's a yes.

(General chuckles.)

VASO: Turn left ninety degrees. Extend right grapple arm.

MECHONOID: Enter. System. Input.

VASO: Response time, Miss Bush?

MEL: Er, point two two four.

VASO: Much better than last time, eh? Reset, and then interface with the laboratory computer.

MECHONOID: One. Enter. One. One. Input.

GEOFF: Look, it's done it.

MECHONOID: Input. One. Enter.

VASO: Melanie, proceed with the input of the variable commands database.

MEL: Uploading now. Upload complete.

VASO: And Sonali, would you be so kind as to issue a command, please.

SONALI: Oh. Of course. Command change.

MECHONOID: One. English. Enter. Enter.

SONALI: Disengage from computer then er, Hoover this floor?

MECHONOID: Enter. One. Engage.

(Vacuuming sound. Laughter.)

VASO: Excellent. Most excellent.

GEOFF: Now all we need to do is fashion an apron large enough to fasten round its thick waist.

VASO: Reset.

MECHONOID: Reset. One. Reset.

VASO: A successful demonstration, wouldn't you all agree?

TANNOY: Attention all colony personnel. Inbound shuttle Atalanta now entering solar system. Estimated time of arrival, 1800 hours.

VASO: Well, you all heard the announcement. Let's get this place in shape for our imminent arrivals.

GEOFF: Hey, Professor, can't the robot tidy up while we slip off to the canteen for a few hours?

VASO: Not this time, Mister Gatlin. Not this time. Oh, Melanie, may I see you for a moment?

MEL: Well, I really need to make a few slight alterations

VASO: The alterations can wait. Please, walk with me.

(Door opens and closes.)

VASO: I'm sorry my chair doesn't move very quickly.

MEL: That's not something you need to apologise for, Professor.

VASO: Sometimes it's difficult to believe that once I was able to stand and walk on my own two legs. Can you imagine that, Miss Bush?

MEL: Of course, sir.

VASO: Oh, let us dispense with such formalities for the moment, Melanie. Mel. As you know, I sustained terrible injuries in the crash. The colony surgeons weren't certain they could even revive me, but they did a masterful job. Of course, when I awoke wrapped in bandages and sporting this wretched mechanical limb, my first thoughts were not of my own situation. You see, I had heard their whispers over those weeks of reconstruction. I was conscious from the moment the first laser scalpels seared my damaged tissues. I learned the impact of my shuttle had caused the deaths of dozens of colony personnel in sector six, which as you know remains damaged beyond repair. I questioned the very workings of the universe, and wondered

why so many had died while I survived.

MEL: Well, I don't really subscribe to the concept of fate, but maybe you were meant for greater things, Professor.

VASO: Oh, perhaps, perhaps. I think the same could be said about you, Mel. You have proven to be a most valuable asset to this team. I am most impressed.

MEL: Thank you.

VASO: I would very much like you to join us in a more permanent capacity. You'd have a long and prosperous future working alongside me, Mel.

MEL: I would truly love to say yes. These past few months have been wonderful. But I just know that the Doctor will be coming for me soon, and when he arrives, I will have to say goodbye.

VASO: The Doctor. Yes. Now, he sounds like an interesting man. A good friend, hmm?

MEL: Oh definitely. He's shown me the universe. Literally.

VASO: Well, the offer still stands. Should this Doctor fail to ever turn up, you are welcome to join us.

MEL: Thank you, Professor. I'll keep it in mind.

(Beeps.)

GEOFF [OC]: Professor.

VASO: Excuse me, Mel. What is it, Mister Gatlin?

GEOFF [OC]: The ghosts are moving again, Professor.

VASO: Are they indeed? Well, we can't very well have that while our guests are here. Best send someone down there to give the system a once-over.

GEOFF [OC]: Roger that. Oh, and hi, Mel.

MEL: Hello, Geoff.

VASO: Thank you, Mister Gatlin.

GEOFF [OC]: Sorry, Prof. Bye, Mel.

MEL: What exactly did he mean by ghost?

VASO: Mister Gatlin's rather romantic way of describing faults in the motion sensors. Every once in a while the system flutters down around the crash zone. Shall we return to the lab?

MEL: Oh, absolutely.

BLACK DALEK: Silence! Silence! Silence!

DOCTOR: No need to get your eyestalks in a tizzy. I just want to know why you actually think I would willingly volunteer to help put a stop to something that could potentially destroy you. I took you all off my Christmas list a long time ago, you know.

BLACK DALEK: You are our prisoner. You have no choice but to obey the Daleks.

DOCTOR: So you keep saying. However

BLACK DALEK: We also possess your Time-Space capsule.

DOCTOR: Yes.

BLACK DALEK: You are powerless before the Daleks.

DOCTOR: I will grant you that.

BLACK DALEK: We also know of your weakness for your companions.

DOCTOR: Go on.

BLACK DALEK: We know that you wish to be reunited with the human female known as Melanie Bush.

DOCTOR: Melanie, you say? Can't say as I know a Melanie. I knew a Melvin once. Discovered the muon neutrino, you know. Remarkable fellow.

BLACK DALEK: You are lying

SONALI: What's the latest?

GEOFF: Those damn sensors in the northwest wing.

SONALI: Again? I thought you took care of those last week.

GEOFF: I did. Checked them myself. Everything was fine. Better than fine, even.

SONALI: Have you checked visual records, just in case?

GEOFF: Not yet. Can you bring them up?

SONALI: All right, let's see. When did the alarm first sound?

GEOFF: Today. Er 2:28 exactly.

SONALI: Okay. Let's start with 2:27. Camera 17, 18, 19, 20. See anything?

GEOFF: Nothing so far. Looks pretty normal. Wait.

SONALI: I think I see it too.

GEOFF: There's a shadow. Camera 19, right there. Tough to make out.

SONALI: Maintenance? Bailey, perhaps. I know he was working on something down there recently.

GEOFF: Bailey was in the cargo bay. He spent most of last night moaning about having to work in there today.

SONALI: I'm checking his log. Yeah, you're right. He's still there, in fact.

GEOFF: You know, Sonali, I hate to say this, only because it sounds completely mad, but whatever we're

looking at, it doesn't look human to me.

SONALI: Could it be some mining equipment? They do have delta-bots in the mines, you know.

GEOFF: Why would a delta be wandering around the northwest wing? Plus they're tethered, aren't they?

SONALI: Good point.

GEOFF: Loewen, this is Gatlin. I need you to drop what you're doing and pop down to the northwest wing to have a look at the sensors again.

LOEWEN [OC]: Copy that.

GEOFF: Oh, and do me a favour. Be careful down there, all right?

LOEWEN [OC]: Right. I'll steer clear of the phantoms. Woo.

GEOFF: Take your staser with you, just in case.

LOEWEN [OC]: Seriously? Okay. Copy that, Geoff. Out.

BLACK DALEK: Observe the visualiser, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Terrible reception. Have you considered ordering a premium package? You get all the channels and

DALEK 2: Image is now appearing on visualiser.

MEL [OC]: So then the Doctor comes running out of the tomb, covered head to toe in this blue powder, shouting at me to get down. Not the first time I've had to dive for cover, mind you.

DOCTOR: Ah, Mel. You're safe.

BLACK DALEK: We have you. We have your Tardis. We have your companion. You will agree to help us.

DOCTOR: If you can assure Mel's safety, I will agree

VASO [OC]: Yours is a most exciting lifestyle, my dear.

DOCTOR: No. No, surely it can't be.

VASO [OC]: As you have observed, my waking moments are dominated by mechanical upgrade and modification, or schematic and system [??]. I rarely if ever have time for adventure.

MEL [OC]: Believe me, Professor, working alongside you has been a welcome break.

DOCTOR: Davros! Surely that's Davros!

BLACK DALEK: Correct.

VASO [OC]: Return to those adjustments, Melanie. We don't have much time left.

MEL [OC]: Of course. Time waits for no-one, eh, Professor?

DOCTOR: Oh, Melanie. What has Davros done to you?

[Part Two]

BLACK DALEK: Now you understand why we require your assistance, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Explain to me how Davros managed to once again slip from your grasp. Last I knew, he was en route to Skaro to be put on trial for his wicked crimes.

BLACK DALEK: The ship conveying Davros was attacked in the vicinity of Beta Orionis. Initial reports confirmed the destruction of the ship, crew, and Davros.

DOCTOR: Well, looks to me as though he's been found and he's very much alive.

BLACK DALEK: Dalek agents reported unusual developments on the fringe planet of Lethe. Investigations led us to discover that Davros had integrated himself into a small human mining colony.

DOCTOR: Tell me more.

DALEK 2: We know little of his activities.

BLACK DALEK: Which is why you will infiltrate the colony, investigate Davros, and report back to us. We will then decide on the subsequent course of action.

DOCTOR: And once you're in the know about Davros's latest bit of nastiness, will Mel and I be free to leave?

BLACK DALEK: Agreed.

DOCTOR: (sotto) And yet I don't believe it for a moment. (normal) Know this. I do this first and foremost to ensure the safety of my travelling companion. I will agree to do whatever I can to assist you in the recapture of your creator, and the investigation of his latest sinister activities.

BLACK DALEK: Release the Doctor.

DOCTOR: Ah. Oh, that's better. May I have my coat now, please?

TANNOY: Shuttle Atalanta has now arrived. A reminder. Under space security law, all colony visitors are required to have their COMPUTERS scanned and updated upon arrival. Welcome to Lethe.

(Door opens.)

MEL: Hey, you two. Wow! I've never seen the lab this tidy.

(Door closes.)

GEOFF: And you likely never will again.

MEL: Where is everyone?

SONALI: On their way. The Professor sent a welcoming party to escort the investors from the shuttle bay.

MEL: Gotcha. So how are Sooty, Sweep and Soo doing?

GEOFF: Two of them are exhibiting some excessive vibration in their aft servo arrays, but nothing these suits'll be able to notice.

SONALI: The Professor told us to seal the hatches and leave them be for now.

(Door opens.)

VASO: Did someone mention my name?

(Door closes. All greet him. I'll keep calling this version of Davros 'Vaso' to differentiate between what people perceive him to be.)

VASO: You're all nervous, aren't you. Don't be. The Juggernauts will do all the work. And remember, this entire operation exists based upon the data we have been transmitting for the past year. The Outreach Corporation realised the potential for this programme a long time ago. They're not as foolish as you might think.

GEOFF: Then why come all the way out here? We've sent them videos, schematics, everything.

VASO: It's the Corporate mentality, Mister Gatlin. The project cannot really be green-lit until they see it up and running with their own greedy little eyes.

SONALI: Heads up, everyone. They're coming.

(Door opens.)

VASO: Welcome. Welcome to you all.

BRAUER: Professor Vaso, I presume.

VASO: In the flesh, Mister?

(Door closes.)

BRAUER: Brauer.

VASO: Ah.

BRAUER: Henning Brauer. I believe you have exchanged mails and notes with Mister Kryson, Mister Valmont, and Miss Ferris.

VASO: Yes, indeed. Mister Valmont, Miss Ferris. Ah, delighted to finally meet you, Mister Kryson.

KRYSON: Er yes, er hello, Professor.

BRAUER: I must say despite never having had the chance to meet you before, we've certainly read all your reports with great interest..

VASO: Camera shy, I admit it. Since the accident, I've never been comfortable with image transmitters.

BRAUER: Which explains why I recognise these three, correct?

VASO: Indeed. My audio-visual ambassadors, as it were. Head of Electronics, Sonali Aptar.

SONALI: Hello.

VASO: Our mechanical wizard, Geoffrey Gatlin.

GEOFF: Nice to meet you all.

VASO: And our programming specialist, Melanie Bush.

MEL: Hi.

VASO: I trust you had a pleasant journey?

BRAUER: Oh, some navigational trouble during our jump from Algernon. Apart from that it was fine, although Mister Kryson here might disagree.

KRYSON: A touch of space-sickness.

BRAUER: He spent most of the trip with a bucket clamped between his knees, if you know what I mean.

VASO: Ah, I can fashion a suitable elixir if you're still feeling the effects of your journey, Mister Kryson.

KRYSON: No, thank you. I'm fine now. I took some medicine my doctor had prepared for me.

BRAUER: Hardly the first time Mister Kryson has felt that way.

VASO: I see. Very well.

BRAUER: So, these are our Juggernauts, eh?

VASO: Yes.

KRYSON: They're a bit bigger than I thought.

VASO: Is that a problem?

BRAUER: Not as such. We're hoping to use the retro-design as a selling point. A nod to the past. Earthers have always responded well to old things.

VASO: Don't be fooled by their appearance. The classic styling betrays an extremely sophisticated service-bot within. If you'd be so kind, Sonali.

SONALI: Of course.

VASO: Ladies and gentlemen, I present the Juggernauts!

DOCTOR: Oh, a transmat dais. Very chic. And where, pray tell, will I be transmating to?

BLACK DALEK: A subterranean cavern.

DOCTOR: Oh, that makes a change. Sounds lovely.

BLACK DALEK: You have a limited time in which to investigate Davros's activities. We will be observing your progress via nano-cams within the colony.

DOCTOR: That explains the pictures. I was wondering how you'd managed that.

DALEK 2: Step onto the dais.

DOCTOR: Very well. Aren't you going to wish me bon voyage? (fading) Don't forget to write.
(Wibbled away.)

BLACK DALEK: All is proceeding according to plan.

(Applause.)

KRYSON: I'm impressed.

VASO: I'm very glad you think so, Mister Kryson. And what about you, Mister Brauer?

BRAUER: Yes, I think you've made quite the impression on us all. Mister Valmont was practically speechless, and he is the man in charge of financing for Outreach special projects.

VASO: Ah. The man behind the money, eh?

BRAUER: Now, if you don't mind, Professor, I think we could all do with a little rest.

VASO: Oh, of course. I will have one of my staff escort you all to the guest quarters. I assume the rest of your crew and assistants are around somewhere?

KRYSON: Probably sitting around in our ship waiting to be told what to do.

VASO: Then I shall ensure that they know where to find you. Sonali, would you do the honours?

SONALI: Of course, Professor.

BRAUER: Thank you. Oh, that reminds me. Professor?

VASO: Yes?

BRAUER: If I didn't know better, I'd swear you were running the entire show here.

VASO: Ah. The scientific division only. All mining and production operations are handled by Commander Eckhart and his team. We tend to leave one another alone, for the most part.

BRAUER: Right. An equitable arrangement. Well, goodnight everyone.

(Door opens and closes.)

GEOFF: And with that I think it's off to the canteen for a little late supper. Coming, Sonali? Mel?

SONALI: No, you two go ahead. I'll sort out Brauer's people then I'm going to give the Juggernauts a once-over, just to ease my mind.

VASO: Well, don't stay up too late, my friends. I shall see you all tomorrow.

DOCTOR: (sigh) Oh, these tunnels must go on for miles, and I've yet to see a miner. Or for that matter, seven diminutive gentlemen whistling jaunty tunes whilst they labour. Hello? Is anyone there? Oh, my kingdom for a map. Eeny, meeny. Oh, let's just skip to the moe and head this way, shall we?

GEOFF: Well, I think it all went rather well, don't you agree, Mel?

MEL: Definitely. They really seemed pleased when the Professor discussed the mining test results.

GEOFF: Their ears really pricked up at the mention of the words increased productivity.

MEL: So if all goes according to plan, will you stay here or head home?

GEOFF: Sadly, Mel, Lethe is the closest thing I have to home now. I've been out here so long.

MEL: Don't you miss Earth? I mean, don't you want to breathe the air again, or feel the grass beneath your feet? That is, if you still have grass there.

GEOFF: Yes, we have grass, silly.

MEL: Just checking.

GEOFF: On the walls of my quarters there are three holographs, looped video in five minute segments of the views from my first level flat on Earth, north, west, and south. I borrowed a friend's hyper-real camera to shoot them and honestly, if you didn't know there was a wall behind these things, you would swear you're looking through windows.

MEL: It sounds nice.

GEOFF: And it was nice. It really was. For about the first four or five months. But then I found myself conscious of every little thing in those images. I knew the exact moment when the nova-red turbo-bike would leave the frame and the titanium grey six-seater would enter. They have audio too. The occasional coo of a pigeon, footsteps on wet asphalt, the hum of the vehicles. But I turned that off a couple of weeks on. Now, well, let's just say Earth is a long, long way away.

MEL: Do you have any family back there?

GEOFF: A cousin. She lives in Australia now. Married with a couple of kids, I think. We lost touch a while back. And I lost my mum and dad in the Kensington disaster back in '97.

MEL: Oh, I'm sorry, Geoff.

GEOFF: Old history. How's that shake?

MEL: Like liquid chalk. Yuk.

GEOFF: That good, eh? You'll notice I haven't touched mine.

MEL: Your hands are cold.

GEOFF: Must be the climate controls acting up again. It's a never ending

(Kiss.)

GEOFF: Hey, what was that for?

MEL: Oh, just a kiss. Don't make a fuss. I like you, Geoff.

GEOFF: I like you too, Mel.

MEL: You and I have a lot in common, you know. I haven't seen Earth in a long time too. Before Lethe, all I knew was the interior of the Tardis. Believe me, there's only so much military grey one can take.

GEOFF: Oh, I'm sure your radiant presence was enough to brighten things up.

MEL: Oh, talk about a corny pick-up line.

GEOFF: Really? I thought it was rather good.

MEL: Anyway, I never could understand how a man with such flamboyant taste in clothes could tolerate those drab corridors. You'd think in nine hundred years he would have spruced the place up a little bit.

GEOFF: Nine hundred? This Doctor friend of yours becomes more and more interesting the more I learn about him. Nine hundred years old? Really?

MEL: Mmm. Doesn't look a day over forty five to me.

GEOFF: Part of me really wants to meet him some day, and the other part, well, the other part hopes our paths never cross.

MEL: Why would you say that?

GEOFF: If the Doctor shows up in his Tardis, is it?

MEL: Mmm.

GEOFF: I assume that will mean goodbye for Melanie Bush.

MEL: Well, yes. Maybe. I don't know. I'm a bit tired, Geoff.

GEOFF: Can I walk you back to your quarters?

MEL: Not tonight. Goodnight. I'll see you in the morning.

GEOFF: Oh, wait, Mel.

MEL: Yes?

GEOFF: I almost forgot.

MEL: What's this?

GEOFF: A music box. I bought it from an antique dealer on Mars.

(Tinkling music.)

GEOFF: I don't know the tune.

MEL: It's Ave Maria, by Schubert.

GEOFF: You like it?

MEL: Yes, it's very pretty.

GEOFF: Then keep it.

MEL: What?

GEOFF: Keep it.

MEL: Geoff, I can't accept this.

GEOFF: No, I want you to have it, Mel. When you're off wandering around space with the Doctor, far, far away from this God-forsaken place, you can always open this thing up and be reminded of goofy old Geoff, stuttering Juggernauts, and flavourless protein shakes.

MEL: I really appreciate this. Thank you. Goodnight, Geoff.

GEOFF: Goodnight, Mel.

LOEWEN: Maintenance, this is Loewen. Do you copy?

MAN [OC]: Yeah, we copy you.

LOEWEN: Gatlin sent me down here earlier to check the sensors. I've been over every inch of this sector. There's nothing wrong with this equipment.

MAN [OC]: Copy that. Well, you're done for the night, then. Get some rest.

LOEWEN: Oh, thanks. Goodnight.

(Rumble.)

LOEWEN: Oh great. What now? That sounds like a door alignment problem. Nothing to do with... Oh God! (screams)

(Knocking.)

MEL: Geoff?

(Door opens.)

DOCTOR: And who, may I ask, is Geoff?

MEL: Doctor!

(Door closes.)

MEL: I must be dreaming.

DOCTOR: Not exactly. Hallo, Mel.

MEL: Oh, Doctor. Oh, I was beginning to think I was never going to see you again.

DOCTOR: What? Really? I did make a promise when we parted, didn't I?

MEL: Yes, but that was three months ago.

DOCTOR: That long, eh? I suppose that explains the change in your hairstyle.

MEL: I haven't done a thing with it, actually.

DOCTOR: Hmm? Well, it looks very nice all the same.
MEL: Have a seat. Sorry about the state of the place. It's been quite a day.
DOCTOR: Has it now? Been keeping yourself busy then?
MEL: Yes, actually. I was brought onto the scientific staff here a couple of weeks after I arrived. I must have done something to impress them, huh?
DOCTOR: It didn't take much effort on your part to have that effect on me.
MEL: Thanks. I think. Anyway, it's wonderful to see you, Doctor. When did you arrive? Where's the Tardis?
DOCTOR: Ah. Well, that's where things get a bit complicated.

DAVROS: When will this skulking about in shadows end. (beep) That was a rhetorical question. Ah, this female will be missed. We must act quickly. Activate the laser scalpel, level six. Increase to level eight.

DOCTOR: So, after finding my way out of the mining tunnels, I accessed a terminal, located your quarters, and here I am.
MEL: So who is this Davros then?
DOCTOR: He's the man you've been working for, Mel. The man in the wheelchair.
MEL: And he created the creatures that were holding you prisoner?
DOCTOR: Yes, I'm afraid so.
MEL: I don't believe it.
DOCTOR: If you knew him like I know him, you'd know that he's capable of absolute evil.
MEL: You're mistaken, Doctor. Professor Vaso is no more capable of creating these things than, than I am. This time you are wrong.
DOCTOR: Tell me, Mel. What does this Professor Vaso look like?
MEL: Handsome, a pleasant smile. The crash committed him to that wheelchair, but he's as nice a man as you are ever likely to meet.
DOCTOR: If you perceive Vaso in such a flattering light, it's obvious he's done something to your sensory apparatus.
MEL: You're telling me that the entire colony, everyone I know here, has been brainwashed?
DOCTOR: Perhaps. I'm not sure yet.
MEL: That's a bit too much for me to digest right now, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Yes. Same here, Mel. Look, why don't you get some rest while I do a little poking around.
(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: Goodnight, Mel.
MEL: Goodnight, Doctor. Doctor?
DOCTOR: Hmm?
MEL: It is good to see you again.
DOCTOR: And you, Mel. And you.
(Door closes.)
MEL: Lights to zero.

(Harmonica playing interrupted by comms.)
GEOFF: Yes?
MAN [OC]: Sorry to disturb you, Geoff.
GEOFF: No problem. I can't sleep anyway. What's up?
MAN [OC]: Well, er, we've er lost Loewen.
GEOFF: What do you mean, you've lost her? How can you lose someone in the colony? Track her
COMPUTER.
MAN [OC]: That's the problem. It's been deactivated.
GEOFF: What could do that?
MAN [OC]: We're not really sure.
GEOFF: I assume you've checked her quarters.
MAN [OC]: First thing.
GEOFF: When did her COMPUTER fail?
MAN [OC]: Approximately 2200 hours, a few seconds after her last check-in.
GEOFF: And let me guess. Visual records don't show anything unusual.
MAN [OC]: No, nothing.
GEOFF: Oh, that's just great. Do you need me to come up there?
MAN [OC]: Er, no. Stay put. I just wanted to let you know. We've got a team scouring the area she was last detected in. I'm sure we'll find her.
GEOFF: Best check some of the open mining shafts. Could be she's fallen, and the impact, I don't know, disabled her COMPUTER or something.
MAN [OC]: Copy that.
GEOFF: All right, I'll check back with you in a few hours. I really should shut my eyes for a bit.

MAN [OC]: All right. Goodnight, Geoff.
GEOFF: Lights to two.
(More harmonica blues.)

TANNOY: Mining shift D please report for duty in shaft 17.
DOCTOR: Mmm, this looks promising.
COMPUTER: Warning. This is a restricted section.
DOCTOR: Restricted, eh? Why is it restricted?
COMPUTER: This section has been rendered condemned since it sustained irreparable damage from transport impact 716 days 5 hours 12 minutes
DOCTOR: Thank you, thank you, you've made your point. And prior to this crash you know so much about, what sort of facilities would one have found beyond this door?
COMPUTER: Storage. Surgery. Emergency environmental systems. Repair and maintenance
DOCTOR: All relocated since the crash, yes?
COMPUTER: Affirmative.
DOCTOR: Thank you, disembodied computer voice. I appreciate
(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: Uh oh.
DAVROS: And I will return once the conditioning process is complete. You will remain here until then.
(Door closes.)
DOCTOR: Now I wonder what you're up to? And with whom you were talking.

KRYSON: Any idea where the Professor is, Miss Bush?
MEL: No, sorry, Mister Kryson.
GEOFF: But I'm sure he's on his way.
KRYSON: Only we don't want to keep Mister Brauer waiting, you see. He's a very busy man.
BRAUER: Oh, step back a bit, will you, Kryson. We're in the Professor's territory now. I may be a busy man, but I'm also on occasion a patient man as well.
KRYSON: Sorry, Mister Brauer.
BRAUER: Oh, and good morning, Miss Bush, Mister Gatlin.
(Door opens and closes.)
VASO: A thousand apologies, everyone. I was attending to a few things elsewhere.
BRAUER: No worries, Professor. Give us all a chance to get a good look at these Juggernauts.
VASO: And?
BRAUER: Well, we're still suitably impressed. I communicated with my superiors last night and told them all about your fine presentation. They seem to agree that the Juggernauts could revolutionise mining operations on some of the key planets, particularly those bordering the tentative galactic boundaries where the deployment of organics is often a risky venture.
VASO: Precisely. They are visionaries, these superiors of yours.
BRAUER: They simply know a good product when they see it. They do wish to know more about the potential terraforming capabilities of these things. Could we toss a few onto proto-terrestrial planetoids and leave them to environmental conversion, for example.
VASO: This is not beyond the capabilities of the Juggernauts, yes.
KRYSON: Another impressive selling point, I think.
BRAUER: Agreed, Mister Kryson. However.
VASO: Yes?
BRAUER: How should I say this. They are not ready to put pen to contract just yet.
VASO: Another delay?
BRAUER: They would like to send in one of their own product development teams.
VASO: That is unacceptable. My staff is more than capable.
BRAUER: That's as may be, but your staff is composed of colony personnel. Outreach would like to use their hand-picked experts, you see.
VASO: Mister Brauer, surely my team has proven their competence. Most of them have been involved with this project since the Juggernaut's remains were first unearthed. Nobody knows these machines better than we do.
BRAUER: I know that. But considering the sheer magnitude of Outreach's potential investment, I can understand their concern. I should hope you would be able to see things from their perspective as well, Professor.
VASO: And what exactly does this mean for us?
BRAUER: Mister Kryson.
KRYSON: Outreach would like your team to temporarily suspend any further development of the Juggernaut project.
MEL: You can't be serious.

BRAUER: We are very serious. Go on, Mister Kryson.

KRYSON: If you do not agree to the suspension, all materials pertaining to the Juggernaut project will be removed from Lethe and transported back to Earth forthwith.

GEOFF: Give me a break.

VASO: Mister Gatlin, please.

KRYSON: All contracts with Lethean colony personnel will be null and void. However, compensation will be applied in the form of one-time individually negotiated buy-out payments.

MEL: How very kind of you.

BRAUER: Nothing personal.

VASO: And when will this order go into effect?

KRYSON: Immediately.

BRAUER: I'm sorry, Professor. Look on the bright side. Outreach is asking you all to step away from this project for a short while. Knowing how much effort you've put into this programme, I would think that you would all welcome a break.

VASO: This programme is more than just a banal day to day job, Mister Brauer. The Juggernauts are lubricated with our own blood and sweat.

BRAUER: We're talking about a temporary suspension.

VASO: How long?

KRYSON: Two, maybe three, months.

BRAUER: We'll give you until tomorrow morning to decide what you wish to do. I should hope that by then this laboratory will be silent and dark. (leaves.)

MEL: Professor? Professor, are you all right?

VASO: Please excuse me.

GEOFF: Er, what do you want us to do?

VASO: Er, return to your quarters. Go for a long walk in hydroponics. Drain the canteen of its alcohol supply. I leave it up to you. (leaves.)

GEOFF: Well then. First round is on me.

VASO: Coordinates G6. Magnification level 15.

LIFT: Observation deck seven.

VASO: Ah, Mister Kryson. I'm pleased that you've agreed to meet with me.

KRYSON: What is this about, Professor?

VASO: Does Mister Brauer know where you are?

KRYSON: No. He requested some personal quiet time.

VASO: Tell me what you see.

KRYSON: It looks like an impact crater. A meteor strike, perhaps?

VASO: Look again. Magnification level 20.

KRYSON: Ah. Yes. That debris looks man-made. Wait, is that *the* crash site?

VASO: Indeed. A permanent scar on the surface of Lethe created when my transport slammed into both the ground and an occupied section of the colony.

KRYSON: Interesting. Well, thank you for showing me that, Professor, but

DAVROS: You know, don't you, Kryson.

KRYSON: Excuse me?

DAVROS: I sensed it the moment you set eyes on me. You know who I am.

KRYSON: Yes. You can't access the news channels without seeing wanted notices for the infamous Davros, yet somehow no-one else here seems to notice. How've you done it? And why hasn't it affected me?

DAVROS: Simple, Kryson. You have not succumbed to my influence because you are an addict. I guessed as much from your space sickness routine. Too well rehearsed. Your bloodstream must be thick with stimulants. Oxypoxigen, penathlium perhaps. Shall I run a bioscan?

KRYSON: So, it's chemical.

DAVROS: Viral. Engineered at molecular level.

KRYSON: I could have you arrested for this, you know.

DAVROS: And I could make your life a living hell! I have the power to release agents into the air that would feed solely on your chemically scarred brain tissues. Would you like that, Mister Kryson?

KRYSON: What do you want, money? I can have 50 million transferred

DAVROS: You insult me! You know precisely what I want.

KRYSON: I am a small cog in a very, very large wheel, Davros. You can't expect me to work miracles.

DAVROS: Speak with your superiors back on Earth. Explain to them that their intervention is unnecessary. Convince them to authorise the mass-production of the Juggernauts immediately!

KRYSON: And what about Brauer?

DAVROS: My associates will deal with Mister Brauer. Units one, two, three, make your way to

LIFT: Observation deck seven.

KRYSON: That was quick.

DOCTOR: Now that's what I call a view.
DAVROS: Doctor!
DOCTOR: In the flesh.
DAVROS: What are you doing here?
DOCTOR: Oh, you know me. I was in the era, and I suddenly remembered that I've never actually been to Lethe. Not all that impressed by what I've seen so far, although those distant peaks are magnificent. Oh, how do you do, Mister?
KRYSON: Kryson.
DOCTOR: Charmed. Well, well, well. My, how you've changed.
DAVROS: Time does not always heal wounds, Doctor.
DOCTOR: I take it that the new base was salvaged from one of your Necros Daleks? Oh, sorry. What a giveaway. You do know that
KRYSON: That Professor Vaso is really Davros? Yes, I know.
DOCTOR: Oh, good. That saves me having to deal with long, boring explanations. And what about that hand there?
DAVROS: Rather impressive for human technology, don't you think?
DOCTOR: There really isn't very much left of you, is there.
DAVROS: Wrong, Doctor. My mind is still my own.
DOCTOR: But for how long? Fate has cast its dice for you, and the dots are in the shape of little Daleks.
DAVROS: No! I am not a Dalek.
DOCTOR: You can believe whatever you like, but you grow more and more like your creations with each passing day.
DAVROS: I admit nature had little to do with my evolution. I point the finger of blame at you for that.
DOCTOR: Me? What have I done? I wasn't on Skaro when you were first toying with the Dalek idea. And I certainly wasn't there when you fell victim to the accident that left you crippled. You're simply unwilling to accept responsibility for your own horrific degeneration. Which conveniently leads us to the here and now. The badge on your tunic reads Vaso. Why the new moniker? Has your status as a fugitive forced you to shave off the name of Davros out of fear?
DAVROS: It was never my intention to become the stuff of nightmares, Doctor. The Daleks were meant to bring order to the swirling chaos of the universe. I am, or rather, I was, Davros. It was my dream, and perhaps, I admit, a foolish one, to have my name live on long after me. I desired a legacy.
DOCTOR: But the Daleks wouldn't allow that, would they? Something about being all-powerful and superior? There was no place for you in their masterplan, was there?
DAVROS: I created them, and they tried to destroy me. And ever since, I have been cursed. They come to me out of necessity, out of desperation, expecting me to solve their problems for them. I have had enough!
DOCTOR: And so you went into hiding.
DAVROS: The attack on and resultant destruction of the Dalek transport was fortuitous. My initial scars were enough to hide my true identity, and so I took advantage of the situation, and Vaso was born. Arriving here on this planet has afforded me a chance to start anew, a chance to shed Davros like a malavolte sheds its summer coat. They like me here, Doctor.
DOCTOR: They like what they perceive you to be, Davros. Your genetic tampering has already started things off on the wrong foot. Once your colleagues learn the truth they will hate you, and the cycle will begin all over again. So predictable, Davros. So like you.
DAVROS: It is of no matter, Doctor. My work here is paramount.
DOCTOR: And just what is it that you are doing here on Lethe, Davros. Sorry, I mean Professor Vaso.
DALEKS: You summoned us, Davros.
DOCTOR: Good God. Daleks? Of course, I should have known.

[Part Three]

DALEK 1: Black Dalek on the bridge.
BLACK DALEK: Report!
DALEK 1: Unaffiliated Daleks observed in colony observation dome. What are your orders?
BLACK DALEK: Continue to monitor these Daleks. I will consult with the Dalek Supreme immediately.

DOCTOR: So, what is it this time, Davros? Have you given your Daleks a penchant for gardening?
DAVROS: They are but test subjects, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Well, they've certainly seen better days. More crash survivors, eh? Have you called them here because of me?
DAVROS: No. Believe it or not, you are of little concern to me at present. Mister Kryson's superiors, however, are attempting to wrest my latest programme from my hands. This I cannot allow.
KRYSON: Brauer is not easily swayed, Davros, and he can be a dangerous man to cross.
DAVROS: So can I, Mister Kryson!

DOCTOR: I can vouch for that, actually.

DAVROS: As for you, Doctor, I gather you are here to rescue your companion, the delightful Miss Bush. I have grown quite fond of her over the past few months, and I think you will find that she will say the same thing of me.

DOCTOR: Once Mel discovers that you've been manipulating her sensory COMPUTERS or whatever they use here, her fondness for your alter-ego will melt away. Huh. You think crossing this Mister Brauer is a dangerous proposition? Hell hath no fury like a Melanie Bush scorned.

DAVROS: Mister Kryson, I would like you to return to your colleagues. Make no mention of our meeting.

KRYSON: Of course.

DOCTOR: Nice to meet you, Mister Kryson.

(Door closes.)

DAVROS: Now, Doctor, if you would be so kind as to accompany me.

DOCTOR: Oh, of course. After you, Professor.

DAVROS: You will stay here. The door to this room will remain locked until I summon you.

DALEKS: Understood.

DOCTOR: Good little Daleks.

GEOFF: Those arrogant sons of

SONALI: That's the liquor talking, Geoff.

GEOFF: Well, then it's the most sensible whisky I've ever had.

MEL: I'm sure the Professor's trying to smooth things out as we speak. I can't believe he'd just roll over for them.

SONALI: No. That's definitely not in his nature.

MEL: And he's certainly passionate about his work.

SONALI: Still, there's a fine line between passion and obsession, isn't there?

GEOFF: I wouldn't have it any other way.

SONALI: Well, anyone for a game of slitherball?

MEL: Might as well.

GEOFF: I call first set-up.

MEL: Oh, by the way, Geoff, I forgot to tell you something. The Doctor arrived last night.

GEOFF: Oh, really. Damn.

DAVROS: Beyond these doors lie the fruits of our labours here on Lethe. You may be a bit surprised by what you are about to see.

DOCTOR: Ooo, let me guess. Daleks with legs. Daleks with fashion sense.

(Door opens.)

DOCTOR: Purple Da... Oh my.

DAVROS: Impressed?

DOCTOR: Not half as much as I was the first time I laid eyes on them.

DAVROS: First time?

DOCTOR: Those are Mechonoids, Davros.

DAVROS: Juggernauts, Doctor. The name has been copyrighted.

DOCTOR: Where did you get them?

DAVROS: They were found along here, in a sealed chamber parallel to shaft 16.

DOCTOR: And why exactly have you resurrected them? What are they for?

DAVROS: We have fashioned these machines into service robots. Their potential is without limit. Would you care for a demonstration?

DOCTOR: Oh, yes please.

DAVROS: It will take a few moments for complete activation.

DOCTOR: I'm a very patient man.

(Lots of rattling of gear, a hiss, a sigh of pleasure, then a doorbell beep.)

GEOFF: Damn it.

(Rattle of stuff being put away, drawer closed.)

KRYSON: Come in.

(Door opens.)

KRYSON: Mister Brauer!

BRAUER: No, don't get up.

(Door closes.)

KRYSON: What can I do for you?

BRAUER: What's the big idea, Kryson?

KRYSON: Sir?

BRAUER: You met with Vaso earlier today.

KRYSON: That's not true.

BRAUER: Colony security says otherwise. I made a small donation to one of the staff. He was quite happy to show me your COMPUTER log for the hours while I was asleep in my quarters.

KRYSON: I, I, I took a stroll round the colony.

BRAUER: Don't take me for a fool! The two of you were in one of the observation domes for approximately ten minutes.

KRYSON: Listen, he called me. He wanted to ask some questions about the Company's orders.

BRAUER: And?

KRYSON: That's all, I swear.

BRAUER: Kryson, I have already contacted your accountant back home. If you're lying to me, and believe me I can find out if you are, I'll simply make a second call and your entire portfolio will be summarily liquidated.

KRYSON: No! No. He wants me to prevent the suspension of the Juggernaut programme. I've been trying to come up with a plan about how to do that but

(Slap!)

BRAUER: You're nothing more than a snivelling little toady, Kryson. What did Vaso promise you that Outreach isn't already providing, huh? He's a smart man. Is it possible that he deduced your dirty little secret?

KRYSON: Please, Mister Brauer.

BRAUER: Out of my way!

DOCTOR: Are you absolutely sure this is a good idea?

DAVROS: Oh, absolutely, Doctor. Now activating the Juggernauts.

MECHONOID: One. Input. Hundred. Enter.

(Beep.)

DAVROS: Yes?

KRYSON [OC]: Sorry, Davros. There was nothing I could do. He

(Door opens.)

BRAUER: Damn it, Vaso. What the hell were you thinking, going behind my back like that?

(Door closes.)

DAVROS: Mister Brauer, allow me to

BRAUER: Kryson is finished, and as far as I'm concerned your involvement with this project is at an end as well.

DAVROS: Main laboratory!

DALEKS [OC]: We obey.

BRAUER: Security won't help you now. They're already comfortably tucked in my back pocket.

(Door opens.)

KRYSON: I warned you. I told you

DAVROS: Thank you, Kryson.

DOCTOR: Excuse me. Perhaps I could explain.

BRAUER: And you are?

DOCTOR: I'm the Doctor, and I oh.

DALEKS: You summoned us.

BRAUER: (laughs) Daleks? Where did you find these, eh? A jumble sale?

DOCTOR: Mister Brauer, these Daleks, despite their appearance, are very likely just as lethal as their pristine counterparts.

DAVROS: You must understand that our work here is at a critical stage. An interruption for even a few days would be unacceptable.

BRAUER: You're mad. Do you have any idea who it is you're threatening?

DAVROS: I think I should pose the same question to you, Brauer. I am Davros!

BRAUER: Pull the other one, Vaso.

DAVROS: Allow me to lift the veil for you.

BRAUER: Ah! My implant. It's been turned off.

DAVROS: Indeed. Now look upon me, Mister Brauer. Don't be a fool.

DOCTOR: I highly recommend pocketing that.

BRAUER: This just gets better and better. The reward for your head will be enough to allow me to purchase a sizable chunk of Outreach. Now tell these Daleks to stand down, Davros.

DAVROS: No, Brauer.

DOCTOR: Brauer, drop the weapon! Now!

DALEK: Exterminate!

(Dalek weapons fire, Brauer screams.)

DALEK 2: Report of Dalek weapon discharge within the colony.

BLACK DALEK: Continue to monitor the Doctor's progress. The Dalek Supreme wishes that nothing impedes the mission.

DALEK 1: I obey.

DOCTOR: Are you hurt?

DAVROS: No. Little can be said of Mister Brauer's accuracy with a plasma pistol.

DOCTOR: You allowed that to happen, Davros.

DAVROS: I had no choice. The Dalek was merely protecting its master, like an obedient hound.

DOCTOR: And a man lies dead before you.

KRYSON: Oh God, I'm finished.

DAVROS: Pull yourself together, Kryson. It now falls to you to take up the reins of this operation.

DOCTOR: Is that all you can think about, Davros? Sweeping the warm corpse aside as so much workshop detritus so you can return unhampered to your little project?

DAVROS: You do not know the half of it, Doctor. Escort Kryson to his quarters and remain with him until I summon you.

DALEK: I obey.

MAN [OC]: Command deck.

DAVROS: This is Professor Vaso. I would like all outbound transmissions jammed until further notice.

MAN [OC]: Jammed, sir?

DAVROS: Yes.

MAN [OC]: Very good, sir. Out.

DOCTOR: A colony lock-down?

DAVROS: We must tread lightly and quietly, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Sorry to disappoint you, Davros, but there's no we in this equation.

DAVROS: Hear me out, please.

DOCTOR: Do I have a choice?

DAVROS: With two Daleks present, no. The time has come for honesty.

DOCTOR: There's a first time for everything, isn't there?

GEOFF: Whoa! Bravo, Mel.

MEL: Thanks. What's the current score, then?

SONALI: Looks like 21 for me, 35 for you, and 12 for Geoff.

GEOFF: Now that's the alcohol playing.

TANNOY: Melanie Bush, please report to the main laboratory.

MEL: Sorry, guys. Duty calls.

GEOFF: Listen, if the old guy comes on to you, just chop him in the side of the neck like this. Ga, ha, hai.

MEL: Please, Geoff. See you all later.

DOCTOR: You're hiding something about your Juggernauts, aren't you, Davros.

DAVROS: Perhaps, Doctor. But before I enlighten you, I wish to know more about your own insight into them. You referred to them as Mechonoids. Explain this.

DOCTOR: I don't begin to understand exactly how they found their way beneath the surface of this planet, but I have crossed paths and swords with them before.

(Door opens.)

MEL: Are you looking for me? What's happened here? Is that Brauer?

(Door closes.)

DOCTOR: Yes, Mel. I'm sorry.

MEL: Is he

DAVROS: I'm afraid so.

MEL: At least have the decency to cover him... what are those things?

DOCTOR: Daleks. Well, what's left of them, anyway.

MEL: So that's what they look like. Did they do this?

DOCTOR: Brauer drew a weapon and the Daleks didn't take kindly to that.

MEL: Where did they come from?

DOCTOR: Would you care to explain, Professor? Or should I say, Davros? You did say that the time had come for honesty.

MEL: Professor, I do apologise on behalf of my friend. He's been going on and on about how he thinks you're some person named Davros.

DAVROS: I am sorry, Melanie, but it is true.

MEL: What!

DOCTOR: The man you know as Vaso is in fact Davros.

MEL: But why?

DAVROS: There are many who consider my past deeds unforgivable. The only way for me to escape their

castigation was through engineered deception.

MEL: You lied to me. You lied to us all!

DOCTOR: Another unforgivable deed to add to that list, Davros?

DAVROS: I am not seeking forgiveness. Everything I have done here on Lethe has been for the greater good.

DOCTOR: When have you ever done anything for the benefit of another?

DAVROS: Perhaps this is my time.

DOCTOR: Let me guess. The Daleks have finally proved unreliable, and you've re-engineered the Mechonoids to supplant them.

DAVROS: I have re-imagined them, Doctor. The machines you see before you are indeed the ultimate service robots.

MEL: He is at least being honest about all that.

DOCTOR: Very well. I'll accept that. But I sense there's more to this project.

DAVROS: The Juggernauts do indeed have a secondary purpose.

DOCTOR: Ah, here it comes, Mel.

DAVROS: The ultimate service robots are also the ultimate Dalek killers.

DOCTOR: Oh, the irony. The Mechonoids already are, or rather were, the ultimate Dalek killers. And this has little to do with your intervention, Davros.

DAVROS: Can you really be certain of that?

DOCTOR: Well, no, not entirely. Regardless, you're declaring war on a vast Dalek army with these three?

DAVROS: Victory is most often achieved through the tiniest of manoeuvres. With Mister Kryson's assistance, the Outreach contract will ensure that the known galaxy is soon rife with Juggernauts.

DOCTOR: And if your Juggernauts are anything like the Mechonoids I have known, I take it they are completely self-sufficient, self-repairing even.

DAVROS: And with access to the appropriate facilities, self-replicating.

KRYSON: So, you're a Dalek, eh? Can you speak?

DALEK: Yes.

KRYSON: Where did you come from?

DALEK: The transport.

KRYSON: The one that crashed here?

DALEK: Yes.

KRYSON: How many of you were aboard?

DALEK: There were f-f-f-fifty Daleks in total.

KRYSON: And then there were three.

DALEK: Yes.

KRYSON: So, now what?

DALEK: My orders are, are to remain here.

KRYSON: I see. I don't suppose you'd fancy a game of draughts?

DAVROS: And so, now that you both know my plan, will you assist me?

DOCTOR: Davros, Davros, Davros. I toiled alongside you once before and it was nothing short of a disaster then.

DAVROS: But you have it in your power to help me defeat the Daleks once and for all!

DOCTOR: I had the power to do that once before.

DAVROS: And yet your conscience stayed your hand.

MEL: At least the Doctor has one.

DOCTOR: Unlike you, Davros, I actually consider things like repercussions. The past, the future, these are parallel realities from my perspective.

DAVROS: And what does your superior perspective tell you about the future of the Daleks? Have you witnessed their annihilation?

DOCTOR: Even you know that is information I cannot reveal.

DAVROS: Perhaps you refuse to speak of their fate because you yourself have a hand in it.

MEL: Doctor?

DAVROS: The Juggernauts will ensure this future. They will wipe the Dalek menace out of existence.

DOCTOR: Supplanting it with the Juggernaut menace.

DAVROS: Not at all. With the Daleks swept aside, peace will prevail, and the Juggernauts will continue with their mandate to carve out corners of space for humanity and its allies. Their function as Dalek killers will come to an end.

DOCTOR: And where precisely do *you* fit in to all this?

DAVROS: I wish nothing more than to be there on the day the Daleks are utterly defeated, then I will vanish into obscurity.

DOCTOR: Oh, the very idea of you vanishing into anything is almost enough to inspire my cooperation.

DAVROS: I am asking for your help, Doctor.
DOCTOR: And if I refuse?
DAVROS: I have not even considered the possibility.
DOCTOR: I take it that Mel and I leaving the colony is not an option.
DAVROS: I'm afraid not. Mister Kryson, can you hear me?
KRYSON [OC]: Yes, I hear you, Davros.
DAVROS: Please return to the main laboratory. The Dalek will allow you to pass.
KRYSON [OC]: All right, I'll be right there.
DAVROS: I will give you time to consider my offer, Doctor. Enjoy a beverage in Miss Bush's quarters and think carefully before making your decision.
DOCTOR: Thank you ever so much. Which way is it again, Mel?
DAVROS: I will have a Juggernaut escort you. Juggernaut Two.
MECHONOID: English.
DAVROS: Escort these two to Miss Melanie Bush's quarters.
MECHONOID: Follow. Follow.
DAVROS: Oh, and Doctor, do not attempt to evade the Juggernaut. Its programming includes destructive contingencies.
(Door opens and closes.)
DAVROS: Computer, activate the security cameras in the visitor's quarters.
MAN [OC]: I don't trust Kryson. Do you?
MAN 2 [OC]: Does anyone know where Brauer is?
(Door opens and closes.)
DAVROS: Ah, Mister Kryson. I was just looking in on your executive partners.
KRYSON: Is that right.
MAN 3 [OC]: Get this nonsense sorted out.
DAVROS: It seems they are losing patience, and at least one of them has vocalised personal issues with you.
KRYSON: That will be Ferris, I'm sure.
DAVROS: How do you suppose they will react to the news of Mister Brauer's demise?
KRYSON: Badly. Hell, I'm worried sick about how I'm going to break it to the Board.
DAVROS: Do not worry yourself about that right now. With Brauer out of the picture it is now up to you to personally override those corporate orders and allow us to continue with the project.
KRYSON: That's easier said than done.
DAVROS: Explain.
KRYSON: After Brauer comes Valmont. After Valmont come Ferris. For all I know, Brauer's personal chef Relye comes after that.
DAVROS: Then you will of course be responsible for news of the accident.
KRYSON: Accident? What?
DAVROS: It happened so suddenly.
KRYSON: What are you talking about, Davros?
WOMAN [OC]: Quick! Run! Run!
MAN [OC]: Let's get out!
DAVROS: Dalek, exterminate them. Exterminate them all!
DALEK [OC]: Ex-exter-terminate.
KRYSON: No, please.
(Weapons fire, screams, silence.)
DAVROS: There. Now nothing stands in the way of the Juggernauts.
KRYSON: You killed them all!
DAVROS: No, Mister Kryson. It was an accident, remember? (laughs)

MECHONOID: Forward. Forward. Move.
DOCTOR: Yes, yes, we heard you. How are you faring, Mel?
MEL: Not very well. I'm sorry I doubted you, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Not a problem. I even doubt myself once a lifetime.
MEL: So are you going to help him?
DOCTOR: Certainly not! You don't know Davros half as well as I do. He's a genius, don't get me wrong, but he's mad as a hatter.
MEL: So, what happens next?
DOCTOR: Well, if Mister Kryson is successful, the company will authorise the Juggernaut programme, and Davros's latest creations will spread unfettered throughout the galaxy. Nice day for it, though.
MEL: Right. Juggernaut Two. Command.
MECHONOID: English. Command. English.
MEL: 36 Downview Crescent.

MECHONOID: Override. Override.
MEL: Idle mode.
MECHONOID: Idle. Override. Sleep.
(Powers down.)
DOCTOR: Oh. Well done, Mel. Your doing, I gather?
MEL: Uh huh. I always ensure there's a back door in every programme I write.
DOCTOR: And who but you would know your home address in Pease Pottage.
MEL: Doctor, look. This Juggernaut is leaking oil.
DOCTOR: Mel, quickly, help me get this casing open.
(Click, hiss.)
DOCTOR: That's not oil, Mel. It's blood. Human blood.
MEL: What?
DOCTOR: What exactly is housed in that central hub there?
MEL: The Professor's, I mean Davros's design. I don't think anyone knows exactly what's in there. Oh, my God!
DOCTOR: Cerebral cortex encased in a plasma filled chamber. Basic circulatory system, heart, blood vessels, rudimentary biological components exploited within a lattice of obedient circuitry.
MEL: Oh, that smell. Can we please close it now?
DOCTOR: Yes, yes, let's reseal this abomination. I've seen all I need to see. Davros has not turned his back on his wicked ways.
TANNOY: Mining shift B, please report for duty in shaft 5.
DOCTOR: The unflinching will of the status quo. (sigh) Mel, can you reawaken our escort?
MEL: Of course. Juggernaut Two. Command. Wakey-wakey.
MECHONOID: Activate. Active. English.
DOCTOR: Wakey-wakey?

GEOFF: Ah, it's been a while since I've been in your quarters, Sonali.
(Keyboard)
GEOFF: How many nights did we spend staring at that ceiling, eh?
SONALI: Geoff, sit down. Sheesh.
GEOFF: What are you doing there?
SONALI: I just want to take a peek at the lab.
GEOFF: Ah, jealous of Mel, are we? Classic teacher's pet syndrome.
SONALI: No, it's just a little odd that Mel was summoned and we weren't.
COMPUTER: Monitoring stations 4, 13, 15 and 21 have been blocked by order of Professor Vaso.
GEOFF: Blocked? What's that all about? Let me see that.
SONALI: Four is the main lab. What about the others?
GEOFF: Er, 13 is guest quarters, 15 is the shuttle bay. 21 looks like that old medical facility in the damaged sector. Damn. He's blocked my access codes.
SONALI: Can you bypass them?
GEOFF: I can try.
COMPUTER: This monitoring station has been locked by order of (typing) This monitoring station has been (typing)
GEOFF: And one last. There.
COMPUTER: Emergency override. All monitoring stations now accessible.
SONALI: Oh, well done, Geoff.
GEOFF: Right, let's have a look around, shall we?
COMPUTER: Monitoring station 4. Main lab.
GEOFF: Ah, now there's the Professor with one of those Juggernauts. And there's that Kryson too. I don't see Mel though.
SONALI: Let's look in on the Outreach gang.
COMPUTER: Monitoring station 13. Guest quarters.
GEOFF: Good Lord.
SONALI: I take it they're not sleeping.
GEOFF: They're dead! All of them
SONALI: What could have happened?
GEOFF: Wait, Sonali, look.
SONALI: A Dalek! So that's what we saw earlier. It wasn't mining equipment, it was a Dalek.
GEOFF: Yes, and it's leaving. I wonder where it's headed.
COMPUTER: Monitoring station 21. Medical facility B.
SONALI: What is that on the examination table?
GEOFF: My God, it's Loewen!
SONALI: How can you tell?

GEOFF: I can tell.

SONALI: But, where's her head? What the hell is going on here? I'm scared, Geoff.

GEOFF: I hate to break it to you, Sonali, but I'm downright terrified.

DAVROS: Reseal the Juggernaut's casing, Mister Kryson.

KRYSON: What were you doing in there?

DAVROS: A few final adjustments. You are about to witness something that only I have been privileged to. The true extent of my achievements here on Lethe. Juggernaut command.

MECHONOID: Awaken.

DAVROS: Can you hear me?

MECHONOID: Confusion. Loewen.

DAVROS: Yes. You *were* Loewen, but now you are a Juggernaut.

KRYSON: What is a Loewen?

DAVROS: One of the security staff. A strong-willed woman with a none too agreeable disposition. Personality print override.

MECHONOID: Juggernaut. Accept. Override.

KRYSON: Why did that thing speak her name?

DAVROS: Miss Loewen met with an accident last night. I have taken advantage of her misfortune.

KRYSON: You're telling me that this Loewen woman is inside this Juggernaut?

DAVROS: Only the essential materials, yes.

KRYSON: Essential materials? I understood that these things were robots. When did this become part of the programme?

DAVROS: From day one, Kryson.

KRYSON: You mean to tell me that the other three Juggernauts have human parts inside them as well?

DAVROS: Yes. Does that worry you?

KRYSON: If you're saying we can only build these things to your specifications if we kill people and stuff their brains inside them then yes, I have a problem with this.

DAVROS: Then let me put your mind at ease. While I have designed the central Juggernaut core to house human components, there is no reason that these elements need to come from victims of foul play. I gather that most humans living under Earth's banner are aware of the laws governing mandatory organ donation?

KRYSON: Certainly.

DAVROS: So all you need to do, Mister Kryson, is have Outreach negotiate contracts with hospitals. At the moment of termination, the various facilities simply collect the relevant components and ship them immediately to our, to your Juggernaut factories.

KRYSON: I suppose it could work.

DAVROS: Perhaps your clever marketing department could come up with a campaign to promote the arrangement. What other corporation can offer its customers immortality? Heh, heh, heh.

MEL: All right, Doctor, I'm in.

DOCTOR: Well done, Mel. Now, access the colony medical records.

MEL: Here you go.

DOCTOR: Now, ah! Here's when Davros arrived on Lethe.

MEL: Mmm hmm.

DOCTOR: Several deaths reported from the impact of his transport, I see. And there we see the first records of Davros himself. Looks like he awakens from his coma 17 days after the crash. Scroll ahead, and keep you eyes peeled for casualty marks in the right column.

MEL: Ah, there. A cave-in.

DOCTOR: Yes. Twelve dead. Now, let's take a gander at the personnel files.

MEL: What are you looking for?

DOCTOR: This, Mel. Look. Private Lance P Kellogg.

MEL: Nineteen. Blue eyes, blond hair.

DOCTOR: There.

MEL: Weight 71.6 kilograms.

DOCTOR: Now, open the post-mortem report and check the weight again.

MEL: 71.13.

DOCTOR: A difference of

MEL: Point 47 kilogrammes. 470 grammes.

DOCTOR: Precisely. And the human heart averages about 315 grammes. You're likely to find a similar discrepancy among the other victims.

MEL: So you're telling me that four months after Davros arrived on Lethe, he was already harvesting body parts?

DOCTOR: Yes.

MEL: But the Mechonoids weren't unearthed for another three months. How could he have known?

DOCTOR: The last time I ran into Davros he was attempting to convert humans into a new race of Daleks. Perhaps he was planning to carry on with that line of experimentation but the Mechonoids offered a completely new possibility, one that he had no choice but to explore.

MEL: So what do we do?

DOCTOR: Ah, now this is where things start to get a bit sticky.

MEL: You're going to stop him, aren't you?

DOCTOR: I'm certainly going to try. While the idea of a force capable of wiping the Daleks out of existence has its appeal, Davros's ghoulish path to those ends is unacceptable. Tell me, Mel. Can you delete all the files in the colony computer pertaining to the Juggernaut programme?

MEL : I think so.

DOCTOR: Excellent.

MEL: Doctor, one thing.

DOCTOR: Yes?

MEL: Twelve people died in this cave-in.

DOCTOR: Correct.

MEL: Well, we've only ever seen three Juggernauts.

DOCTOR: Ah.

(Comms beeps.)

MEL: This is Melanie.

GEOFF [OC]: Mel, it's Geoff. Are you all right?

MEL: We're fine.

GEOFF [OC]: We?

MEL: I'm with the Doctor.

DOCTOR: How'd you do, Geoff.

GEOFF [OC]: What the hell's going on? It looks like the Outreach people are all dead, and we think we saw a Dalek.

DOCTOR: Things have become complicated, Geoff. I suggest you all lay low for a while.

GEOFF [OC]: Lay low?

DOCTOR: This colony is not a particularly safe place to be right now.

GEOFF [OC]: Well, it's not like we can just pop on over to the next colony for a spell, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Why not?

GEOFF [OC]: There is no next colony.

DOCTOR: Oh.

GEOFF [OC]: We're alone on Lethe.

DOCTOR: I see.

GEOFF [OC]: Don't worry about us. We'll figure something out. What about you two?

DOCTOR: We'll be fine. Just take care of yourselves.

GEOFF [OC]: Copy that. Good luck, Mel, Doctor.

DALEK 2: What are our orders?

BLACK DALEK: We are to remain here until the Dalek Supreme orders us to move into the colony. Then we will capture Davros.

DALEKS: We obey!

GEOFF: Here's the situation. There are Daleks loose in the colony.

(Consternation.)

GEOFF: We have no idea where they came from or what they're doing here, but we do know that the colony isn't safe.

SONALI: We've decided to follow standard evacuation procedures.

GEOFF: Now, the shuttle bay appears to be guarded by two Daleks. We thought we were only going to have to deal with one, but a second entered the bay a few minutes ago. No, listen, you should see these things. They're mobile pieces of junk.

SONALI: Now, I'm a trained pilot, and I know at least a few others here can handle a ship.

GEOFF: So what do you all think?

(Enthusiastic assent.)

MEL: Right, it's done.

DOCTOR: Time to go, then.

(Door opens.)

MECHONOID: Halt. Remain. Halt.

DOCTOR: 36 Downview Crescent.

MECHONOID: English. Halt. Return.

DOCTOR: Mel?

MEL: Voice print, Doctor. It only works for me. 36 Downview Crescent. Juggernaut command.
MECHONOID: Programme. Override.
DOCTOR: Clever.

DAVROS: And thus the human brain has been fully integrated into the Juggernaut circuitry. For all intents and purposes, it is now truly a machine.

(Door opens.)

DOCTOR: That's enough, Davros.

DAVROS: Doctor. And Melanie.

(Door closes.)

DAVROS: Mel. A pleasure to see you both again.

DOCTOR: Mister Kryson, tell me there's a conscience hidden within that austere oh look I've just been promoted due to the extermination of my boss exterior. What Davros is doing here is wrong.

KRYSON: Doctor, this project, I really think it could work.

DOCTOR: Of course it *could*, but Davros has crossed the line. If the Juggernauts were purely machine, perhaps I could see their value, but they're not. There's life imprisoned within these spheres. You must put an end to this.

DAVROS: Oh, it's far too late for that, Doctor.

MEL: I deleted all the files, Davros.

DAVROS: You know as well as I that we have been transmitting schematics and specifications to Earth for months now, Mel. Your meddling has been for nought.

DOCTOR: Then you leave me no choice. I know you can hear me. The time has come for you to act.

MEL: Who are you talking to, Doctor?

DAVROS: Yes, Doctor. Don't tell me you're hearing voices? You realise that is the symptom of madness?

DALEK 2: Orders received. Daleks proceed to laboratory immediately.

DALEKS: We obey.

DOCTOR: I'm calling out to your captors, Davros.

DAVROS: My captors? The Daleks?

DOCTOR: Yes. They've had sections of the colony seeded with nano-cams for weeks. They've been watching you, and they sent me ahead to try to reason with you regarding the Mechnoids.

MEL: You're actually working for the Daleks?

DOCTOR: I'm afraid so, Mel.

DAVROS: The tables have been turned.

DALEK: Halt or you will be ex-exterminated.

DALEK 1: You will allow us to pass.

DALEK: I must exterminate my en-en-en-enemies.

DALEK 2: You serve the Dalek Supreme.

DALEK: I obey obey Davros. I obey the Supreme. I obey Davros.

DALEK 2: Davros is an enemy of the Daleks.

DALEK: Davros is our cre-cre-creator. I obey only Davros. Davros. Davros!

DALEK 2: Exterminate the rogue.

(Weapons fire, boom, Dalek gurgle.)

MEL: One minute you're telling me the Daleks are your enemy, and the next you admit to working for them. You, Davros, both of you are liars.

DOCTOR: No Mel, it's not like that. All of this I have done to ensure your safety.

DAVROS: You threaten the potential final solution to the Dalek problem with petty affections for this female?

DOCTOR: I do, Davros. Now, prepare to surrender to your creations and face trial on Skaro.

DAVROS: Never! Juggernauts, threat mode.

MECHONOID: Input. Threat mode. In danger.

DAVROS: Bwahahahahahaha!

SONALI: The two Daleks are flanking the end of the corridor, and the investor's ship is in berth one.

GEOFF: Right. Now we just need to come up with some sort of clever distraction. Any ideas?

SONALI: Er, not a one. Sorry.

DOCTOR: Oh, you're a barrel of laughs, Davros.

DAVROS: Even if your story is true, it is you the Juggernauts are pointing their weapons at. I believe the term is checkmate.

MEL: Davros, please. The Doctor is my friend.

DOCTOR: Mel, there's no point. Davros isn't known for his diplomacy.
KRYSON: But I am. Tell the Juggernauts to lower their weapons, Davros. Remember I'm your sole connection to Outreach now.
DAVROS: But if I surrender to the Daleks, your precious Juggernaut programme will collapse.
KRYSON: Didn't you say that all schematics and specs had been transmitted to headquarters?
DAVROS: I assure you, that information has been far from complete. The cybernetic enhancements are logged elsewhere, and you will not have an effective Juggernaut programme without them.
DOCTOR: Then it seems we are at an impasse.
DAVROS: Not at all. All I need do is issue the command and the Juggernauts will destroy you, Doctor. There is no impasse when one side has absolute control of the other.
(Door opens.)
DALEK 1: Halt or you will be exterminated.
MECHONOID: Reassign adversary.
DAVROS: Yes, you fools. Protect me!
MECHONOID: Kill. Destroy. Destruct.
DALEK 1: Exterminate the Mechonoid!
(Weapons fire.)
DOCTOR: Mel, Kryson, this way, quickly.
KRYSON: Doctor, I can't argh!
DOCTOR: Kryson? Kryson!
MEL: Doctor.
DOCTOR: There's nothing we can do, Mel. We must go.
(Daleks and Mechonoids shouting their favourite words.)

DOCTOR: The renegade Daleks have arrived on Lethe. Come on!
(Running.)
DOCTOR: Wait. This is the door that leads into the damaged sector, correct?
MEL: That's right.
DOCTOR: The access light is flashing. Something's coming through.
(Door opens.)
COMPUTER: Warning. This is a restricted area.
MECHONOID: Destruct. Destruct.
DOCTOR: Mechonoids, Mel. I think we've discovered what happened to the rest of those deceased miners.
MEL: They're coming towards us, Doctor.
MECHONIDS: Destroy. Destruct.

[Part Four]

DOCTOR: Interesting.
MEL: They're not moving through.
DOCTOR: It's some sort of energy barrier. (sizzle) Ah! Ooo. Quite an impressive charge. I suppose it must be a back-up system should the outer doors fail. However, now I most definitely want to get into this area.
MEL: Shouldn't we be finding a way off this planet?
DOCTOR: All in due time, Mel, trust me. But let us at least try to discover what lies behind this barrier.
MEL: There should be an access panel nearby.
DOCTOR: Ah. Ah ha. I suggest ducking out of sight, just in case. Now, let me see. This one goes to lighting, communications. Ah! Yes.
MECHONIDS: Destruct. Programme.
MEL: They're moving in the other direction.
DOCTOR: How convenient. Shall we?

GEOFF: So, what do you think?
SONALI: It's pure, it's simple, and only an idiot would volunteer to do it.
GEOFF: Then watch my back.
SONALI: You can't be serious, Geoff.
GEOFF: I've never been more serious in my entire life.
SONALI: This isn't just some sort of macho nonsense, is it?
GEOFF: Listen, all I have to do is distract the Daleks while the rest of you get on board the shuttle.
SONALI: All?
GEOFF: I can do this, Sonali.
SONALI: And that's what scares me. All right, but be careful.
GEOFF: Of course.
SONALI: And as soon as you can, get back to the Atalanta.

GEOFF: Sure. Anything else, ma'am?

SONALI: A kiss for good luck?

(Kiss.)

GEOFF: Thanks. That means more than you can possibly imagine.

SONALI: All right, everyone listen up. Once the Daleks move off after Geoff, we need to get on that ship as quickly as possible. Got it? It's your move, Geoff.

GEOFF: Now, the question is, do I run in there screaming, or do I tap the Daleks on their casings and slink away on hands and knees.

SONALI: Actually, I'm hoping you have another option in mind.

GEOFF: Right. Here I go.

SONALI: Everyone back.

GEOFF: (shouts) Oi, Daleks!

SONALI: So much for other options.

DALEK: St-stay where you are.

GEOFF: Not likely, mate.

DALEK: (receding) P-P- Pursue. Pursue.

SONALI: Right, let's go.

DALEK 2: Mechonoid hostile immobilised.

DAVROS: How dare you come here!

DALEK 2: Silence!

BLACK DALEK: Davros, you will surrender yourself to the Daleks.

DAVROS: I will not!

BLACK DALEK: You will put an end to your Juggernaut programme and accompany us.

DAVROS: But I only wish to help you

BLACK DALEK: Explain.

DAVROS: I have elevated the Juggernauts far beyond even your own abilities, and I can offer the same modifications to the Daleks. I have foreseen the evolution of you all into Dalek Superior.

BLACK DALEK: You lie. You are not to be trusted.

DAVROS: But I speak the truth. Mister Kryson here will vouch for me.

KRYSON: Ah! I can't feel my feet.

DAVROS: The effect of a Dalek ray. Now tell them, Kryson.

KRYSON: If you're hoping I'll support your claims, Davros, I cannot.

DAVROS: Then you are a fool.

KRYSON: What do you want me to say? Sure, he's upgraded the Juggernauts. He's made them into something remarkable. Beyond that I can't comment.

BLACK DALEK: The human's words do not support your lies, Davros.

DAVROS: It is his pathetic humanity that makes him untrustworthy.

KRYSON: Now look here, Davros. I came all the way to Lethe to authorise the Juggernaut programme, and as I am still one of the members of the Outreach Board, hell, I *am* the Outreach Board now, so I think I deserve a little respect. I'll not stand here, well, crouch here, and be insulted by the likes of you.

DAVROS: Silence, Kryson! You are nothing to me. Just another pawn to push across the game board of my own design.

KRYSON: I've had about all I can take of this nonsense. I quit!

DAVROS: Where are you going, Mister Kryson? Do you honestly think you can just walk away from me?

KRYSON: Why don't you try to stop me, Davros? Take care. Give my regards to Skaro.

(Door opens.)

DALEK: Stay where you are.

KRYSON: More Daleks!

DAVROS: Best make yourself comfortable, Kryson. The way out appears to be blocked.

DOCTOR: It's all a bit eerie, isn't it?

MEL: Mmm. This section has been sealed off since Davros's crash.

DOCTOR: And while there is a significant layer of dust throughout the whole area, you can clearly see the tracks from our Mechonoid friends running along the floor, and.

MEL: And?

DOCTOR: The unmistakable swirling furrow of Davros's life-support chair. See, there. He's been here as well, and on more than one occasion by the look of it. Wait. Do you hear that, Mel?

MEL: It sounds like machinery.

DOCTOR: Beyond this door, I think.

(Door opens, heavy thumping sound, door closes.)

DOCTOR: An assembly line.

MEL: Operated by Mechonoids?

DOCTOR: Have a look at what they're manufacturing.
MEL: Of course. More Mechonoids. How could Davros have built all this right under our noses?
DOCTOR: Believe me, Mel, he's capable of a lot more than this. Sneaky, deceptive, mephitic
MEL: Er, I think we've been noticed.
DOCTOR: Oh. Yes, but look again. They're returning to work. I imagine they've been programmed to focus on the machinery and little else.
MEL: Do you reckon we should shut it down?
DOCTOR: I do indeed.
MEL: Right. Er, if you can do a song and dance at that end, I might be able to access that terminal to the right.
DOCTOR: Excellent. Now, do I give them the old soft shoe or a taste of the Metabalian Oodleskip. That can be a bit tricky with only the two legs, you know.
MEL: Shall we, Mister Astaire?
DOCTOR: After you, Miss Rogers.

SONALI: Geoff. Geoff, do you copy?
GEOFF [OC]: Yeah, I hear you, Sonali. I'm a little busy at the moment.
SONALI: We're all on board now. How's it going?
GEOFF [OC]: I'm playing cat and mouse with the Daleks in the cargo bay.
SONALI: How long until you can return to the ship?
GEOFF [OC]: I'll have to get back to you about that, Sonali. I'm not even one hundred percent certain of where I am right now.
SONALI: What's near you?
GEOFF [OC]: It looks like medical supplies. Yes, I think it's vagacyllin and lami-casts.
SONALI: I'm looking at a map. If you're where I think you are, you should see phials of synthetic plasma directly across from you.
GEOFF [OC]: Er, yeah, they're there.
SONALI: Face them, then move to your left. When you get to an intersection with mining machine parts and linens, take a right..
GEOFF [OC]: Oh, hang on. Dalek.
DALEK [OC]: Hu-hu-human, show yourself.
SONALI: Geoff. Geoff! Damn it.

DOCTOR: Hello there. Juggernaut. Er, the humanoid, to your left. Yes. Hello.
MECHONOID: Humanoid. Zero.
DOCTOR: Zero. Yes. Listen. I couldn't help but notice that you've got this whole assembly line configured incorrectly. I think it all hinges on this lever right here.
MECHONOID: Humanoid. Nineteen. Seven.
DOCTOR: If you say so. Excuse me. May I?
MECHONOID: Humanoid. Stop. Interfere.
DOCTOR: Oh, I'm not interfering. I'm helping you. See? Helping? Hurry, Mel.
MECHONOID: Mel. Juggernaut. Six. Humanoid.
DOCTOR: Yes, you are a good Juggernaut, aren't you.
MECHONOID: Interfere. Stop. Stop.
DOCTOR: Stop. Yes. I'll stop.
(Creaking metal.)
MEL: (distant) That should do it, Doctor.
DOCTOR: And if I throw this lever.
(Metal breaking.)
MEL: What did you do?
DOCTOR: I simply disengaged the conveyor.
MEL: Crude, but effective.
MECHONOID: Juggernaut. Function. Repair.
DOCTOR: They're ignoring us. Not programmed to defend the machine, just to operate and repair it.
MEL: And er, what about those two?
MECHONOID: Juggernauts. Follow.
DOCTOR: Ah. Security detail. Lethe's finest. Time to go, Mel. Sorry to sabotage and run, boys.
MECHONOID: Follow. Juggernauts. Follow.

DALEK: Human, show yourself. You cannot escape the D-D-Da-Daleks.
GEOFF: We'll see about that.
SONALI [OC]: Geoff, are you there?
GEOFF: It's kind of a rotten time for a chit-chat, Sonali.

SONALI [OC]: I'm tracking the energy signatures from the Daleks. Where are you?
GEOFF: Between batteries and bin bags.
SONALI [OC]: There's a Dalek coming your way. Shush.
GEOFF: There's no need to shush me, I see it.
DALEK: You you can cannot escape the Daleks. (receding) Surrender now.
GEOFF: It's gone round the corner.
SONALI [OC]: Move! Now! Go in the opposite direction. The other Dalek is clear on the other side of the room. Go!
GEOFF: Right, I'm going, I'm going.

MEL: I'm coming, I'm coming, all right.
DOCTOR: Come on. Stay close, Mel. No, wait. What's this?
MEL: A medical facility, judging by the emblem.
DOCTOR: No, look at the door. The scratches. It's opened and closed a number of times since the crash.
(Door opens.)
MEL: Dark.
(Door closes.)
DOCTOR: Lights. I said lights.
MEL: I think you'll find a switch on the wall to your left.
DOCTOR: Oh. Oh yes.(click) A switch. Mel, look away.
MEL: Too late.
DOCTOR: (sigh) There's a name tag on her uniform. Cassidy J Loewen. Ring any bells?
MEL: She's, I mean, she was one of the security staff. We said hello a few times in the corridors, but that's about it.
DOCTOR: Not much left of her.
MEL: Davros did this to her, didn't he?
DOCTOR: Most assuredly he was responsible for the surgical procedures, but, yes, yes, the internal displacement indicates death by Dalek. I'm sorry you had to see this, Mel.
MEL: I think I hear your Mechnoids, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Time to move.
(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: Sleep well, Miss Loewen.
(Door closes.)

SONALI [OC]: Geoff, what's the latest?
GEOFF: There's no way I can get back to the ship, Sonali. The Daleks are blocking the entrance to the shuttle bay.
SONALI [OC]: We can distract them.
GEOFF: No.
SONALI [OC]: But we
GEOFF: No, stay put. They don't know you're in there.
SONALI [OC]: All we have to do is
GEOFF: No. Listen to me, Sonali. I think I have an idea.
SONALI [OC]: All right. But just give the word and I (click)
GEOFF: Right. Hello, Daleks.
DALEK: Human, surrender now.
GEOFF: And if I do, what'll you do with me?
DALEK 3: You you will be brought before Davros.
GEOFF: Hmm. Sensible. Tell you what. You can do whatever you like on one condition. You just have to catch me.
DALEK: Pursue! Pursue!
GEOFF: Left, right. God, which way?
DALEK: You cannot escape from the Daleks. You are our prison-prisoner.
GEOFF: Er, Daleks to the left of me, Daleks to the right. Airlock in front of me.
COMPUTER: Please enter access authorisation code.
GEOFF: One three four.
DALEK: Stay where you are.
GEOFF: Three one six.
COMPUTER: Authorised.
(Airlock hisses open.)
GEOFF: I told you you'd have to catch me first.
COMPUTER: Please enter access code.
GEOFF: Two two oh crap, what is it?

DALEK: You, you will exit this this chamber.
GEOFF: Two two damn it!
DALEK: You will accom-accompany us or you will will be exterminated.
GEOFF: Two two eight one four.
COMPUTER: Authorised.
(Airlock hisses closed.)
GEOFF: Sorry, fellas. You'll have to come in and get me.
GEOFF [OC]: Nah nah ni nah nah.
DALEK: You will open this door. You will surrender the D-Daleks
GEOFF [OC]: Trapped. Now who's a prisoner, eh? Ha, ha.
DALEKS: You will release us

GEOFF [OC]: Sonali, come in.
SONALI: Geoff, where are you?
GEOFF [OC]: No need to whisper now. I'm in airlock three.
SONALI: What are you doing there?
GEOFF [OC]: Listen, Sonali. I've got the Daleks trapped in the inner chamber.
SONALI: Yes, I can see. Wait, does that mean?
GEOFF [OC]: Yeah, I'm kind of stuck between a Dalek and a very, very hard place.
SONALI: We'll come down there. You can open the door and we can attack them with some of the mining equipment. There should be some pulverisers in the cargo bay.
GEOFF [OC]: Too risky. I know what I need to do.
SONALI: Geoff, don't.
GEOFF [OC]: I might be able to make it to one of the shaft towers.
SONALI: The computer shows winds in excess of two hundred kilometres per hour! And the methane levels are
GEOFF [OC]: I know all that.

GEOFF: If I can hold on to the edge of the airlock, I'll be fine. And this'll catch our Dalek friends completely by surprise. In their state, I doubt they can avoid being sucked out by those, what was it, two hundred kilometre winds? I'll be fine. Now, I'm opening the middle door.
(Door opens.)
DALEK: You are a prisoner of the D-D-D- Daleks.
GEOFF: I'm opening the outer door now.
SONALI [OC]: Don't do this, Geoff!
GEOFF: The door's opening, Sonali.
DALEK: You shall remain argh!

SONALI: Geoff! Geoff!

MEL: All right, I give up, Doctor. Why are we going back to the lab?
DOCTOR: To fulfil an obligation.
MEL: To the Daleks?
DOCTOR: To the universe, Mel. The Daleks are here for their own selfish reasons. I, on the other hand, have a responsibility to ensure that Davros's Mechonoids go no further than this colony.
MEL: Yours is a noble heart, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Hearts, Mel. Anyway, sounds quiet in there now. Shall we take a look?
(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: Did we miss anything?
DAVROS: You are quite mad to return here, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Not really. (door closes) Just keeping my part of the bargain, Nice to see you again, Mister Kryson. You're looking injured.
KRYSON: I got caught in some nasty cross-fire.
DOCTOR: You'll be right as rain soon. Trust me, I'm a Doctor. Now, Daleks. You have your fugitive in hand and I have my friend. I assume therefore we are free to leave? I mean, those were the original terms of the agreement.
BLACK DALEK: Yes.
DOCTOR: Oh, and as an added bonus, Mel and I have disabled the Mechonoid production line.
BLACK DALEK: You have performed as predicted, Time Lord.
DOCTOR: Predicted? I don't understand.
BLACK DALEK: The Dalek Supreme ordered us to seek you out to put an end to Davros's latest experiments.
DOCTOR: And when did you receive this order? Surely after you plucked me out of Time.

BLACK DALEK: No, Doctor. The Nazeean freighter attack was orchestrated by the Daleks.

DOCTOR: Which explains why that ship looked so familiar.

BLACK DALEK: Your companion's escape module was also remotely guided to Lethe. Everything has been arranged.

DAVROS: You have been used, Doctor. (laughs)

DOCTOR: And lives have been lost as a result. I knew something was up when I first arrived in the colony. There aren't any airborne toxins here. You lied to me.

MEL: There seems to be a lot of that going around.

BLACK DALEK: You are now all prisoners of the Daleks.

DOCTOR: Oh, no, no, no! No! No! No! I hand Davros to you on a chromium platter and you clap Mel and me in irons? I don't think so.

BLACK DALEK: You will accompany us to Skaro where the Dalek Supreme will extract the information required for us to pilot your Tardis.

DOCTOR: And what about Mel and Mister Kryson here?

BLACK DALEK: The humans will be exterminated.

DAVROS: If I may intercede. The woman should be spared. Her technical prowess could be of some use to the Supreme Dalek.

BLACK DALEK: We have no further use for the human female.

KRYSON: Er, hello? And what about the human male?

DOCTOR: Believe me, the differences between the sexes are no consequence in the eyes of the Daleks.

MEL: Oh, so they're equal opportunity killers then.

BLACK DALEK: Doctor, you will move away from the humans.

MEL: Doctor, you'd better have something clever up your sleeve.

(Door opens and closes.)

DOCTOR: I'm thinking, I'm thinking.

MECHONOID: Forward. Enemy. Two.

MEL: It's those Mechonoids from below!

DOCTOR: The cavalry's arrived. Kryson, Melanie, take cover!

BLACK DALEK: Exterminate the Juggernauts!

(Weapons fire exchanged.)

BLACK DALEK: Withdraw. Withdraw. Withdraw.

(Door opens.)

MECHONOID: Follow. Follow

(Door closes.)

DOCTOR: Your doing, Davros?

DAVROS: Of course, Doctor.

DOCTOR: For some strange reason those three Daleks seemed far less intimidating than these five Mechonoids.

KRYSON: Agreed. It's time I was leaving.

DAVROS: Stay where you are, Kryson. I have not forgotten your previous outburst.

KRYSON: Well then, you won't have forgotten that last time I was turning my back on you and this project.

DAVROS: Times change, Kryson.

MECHONOID: Forward. Forward.

KRYSON: Call it off, Davros.

DAVROS: Advance.

KRYSON: Davros, I mean it.

DOCTOR: Kryson, move!

MECHONOID: Forward.

MEL: Get out of the way!

KRYSON: Doctor!

DOCTOR: Stop this, Davros.

DAVROS: Feel the Juggernaut's embrace, Kryson.

KRYSON: What?

DOCTOR: Mel! Mel, do something!

MEL: I can't, Doctor. It's too late.

(Kryson screams, crunching sounds.)

DAVROS: Halt. Withdraw and halt.

(Thud.)

DOCTOR: That was murder, Davros. Whatever happened to your desire to start anew?

DAVROS: Kryson had outlived his usefulness. The war between the Juggernauts and the Daleks begins now, with or without the assistance of the Outreach Corporation.

SONALI [OC]: Attention, attention. This is Sonali Aptar. If there are colony personnel still alive and can hear my voice, make your way to the shuttle bay at once. Daleks have taken control of the colony. We have

secured the investor's spacecraft and we have cleared the hangar of Daleks.

MEL: They're all right.

DOCTOR: Yes. Nice to know the Daleks still aren't as all-powerful as they claim.

DAVROS: We shall see how these humans fare against a squad of Juggernauts!

MEL: No!

DAVROS: Release my hand, Miss Bush.

MEL: You will not harm my friends, Davros.

DAVROS: Look around you, Melanie. These Juggernauts are in offensive mode. One simple command from me and this laboratory will become your tomb.

DOCTOR: I wouldn't be so sure.

MEL: You ordered Kryson's death and you had Loewen killed as well. You killed her and then you cut out her humanity, and stuck it inside one of these Juggernauts.

DAVROS: No. All that truly was Miss Loewen left us when her corpse crumpled to the floor. My Daleks were instructed to protect the Juggernaut programme. Miss Loewen simply got too close to secret things.

MEL: And what of the countless others who've fallen victim to your little Dalek programme? You created those monsters, Davros.

DAVROS: Centuries ago, when the Daleks left me for dead on Skaro, all ties between us were severed. I can no longer be held accountable for their actions, just as your parents can no longer be held accountable for your actions, Miss Bush.

MEL: Well, perhaps the time has come for someone to pass judgement, Davros. Juggernaut.

DOCTOR: Mel, what are you doing?

MEL: Stay out of this, Doctor, please. Juggernaut. Command.

MECHONOID: English. Input. English.

DAVROS: What is the meaning of this?

MEL: 36 Downview Crescent.

MECHONOID: Override.

MEL: You may have your hand back.

DAVROS: No!

MEL: Your controls will have no effect. Juggernauts, revised orders. Your creator must now

DOCTOR: No, Mel!

MEL: Be considered a threat. Do with him as you see fit!

MECHONOID: Order. Davros. Creator.

DAVROS: No! I command you.

MEL: Let's go, Doctor.

MECHONOID: Davros. Destruct. Destruct.

(Door opens.)

DAVROS: Melanie, you have condemned me. Please! I created you. I am Davros! (screams as door closes.)

DOCTOR: Mel, I'm not at all sure you

MEL: Shut up, Doctor. Please. I need to contact Sonali and Geoff. There must be an intercom nearby. Yes.

DOCTOR: Let me. Let me, Mel. (beep) Sonali? Sonali, come in. This is the Doctor.

SONALI [OC]: Doctor? You're alive!

DOCTOR: Yes, we're fine.

SONALI [OC]: Is Mel with you?

MEL: I'm here.

SONALI [OC]: Am I glad to hear your voice.

MEL: It's good to hear yours too. Where's Geoff, Sonali?

SONALI [OC]: I'm sorry, Mel.

MEL: No. No, no, please.

SONALI [OC]: He er, he went outside.

DOCTOR: Oh, Mel.

SONALI [OC]: He did a very brave thing. He lured the Daleks away while the rest of us got on board the shuttle.

MEL: I never would have suspected he was the heroic type.

DOCTOR: Sonali, you need to take off at once. I imagine your message has been heard and there are probably more Daleks on their way.

SONALI [OC]: Well, then they'd better be ready for a fight. This ship is armed with plasma cannon.

DOCTOR: Best to avoid conflict altogether. One lucky shot from a Dalek and those armaments won't amount to anything.

SONALI [OC]: Copy that, Doctor. Begin pre-launch sequence. What about you two?

DOCTOR: Oh, we have our own means of transport.

SONALI [OC]: All right. Good luck. (beep)

DOCTOR: I'm sorry about your friend.

MEL: He was this close to being more than just a friend.
DOCTOR: Wherever Davros and his creations go we can always count on a wake of terror and death.
MEL: Why haven't you defeated them? If all you say is true, why are they still around?
DOCTOR: It's not as simple as that, Mel.
MEL: But you said earlier that once you had it in your power to wipe the Daleks out completely, and Davros said you did nothing. Why?
DOCTOR: Consequences, Mel. The effects of even the tiniest action can upset the course of history in ways even the Time Lords have difficulty comprehending..
MEL: It all seems pretty simple to me.
DOCTOR: Come on, Mel. The transmat isn't much further.

COMPUTER: Pre-launch preparations are now complete. Engines charged to 97 percent.

SONALI: Everyone strap in and prepare for launch.

COMPUTER: Shuttle bay doors now open. Energy barrier neutralised.

SONALI: Goodbye, Geoff.

(Lift off.)

COMPUTER: Warning. Shuttle bay doors are now open to Lethean atmosphere.

MEL: Doctor, what is that?

DOCTOR: It looks suspiciously like blood.

MEL: But what bleeds green?

DAVROS: I do, Miss Bush. All Skarosians do, even the Daleks.

DOCTOR: You must be in tremendous pain.

DAVROS: I feel nothing. My life support system has pumped my bloodstream full of anaesthetic. I hear the blood trickling from my wounds, and I feel the tautness of my seared flesh, but there is no sensation of pain to speak of.

DOCTOR: Is there anything we can do?

DAVROS: That is entirely up to you, Doctor. You see, when my Juggernauts attacked me, they triggered my self-destruct mechanism.

DOCTOR: What sort of destruction are we talking about?

DAVROS: This entire colony will be razed to the ground.

DOCTOR: How long do we have?

DAVROS: I cannot be certain. The timing mechanism itself was damaged. Intermittently I sense faint electrical pulses as the clock starts and stops.

DOCTOR: And now?

DAVROS: I sense nothing.

MEL: I'm sorry, Davros.

DAVROS: Do not be. Soon the explosive device will at last bring me peace.

DOCTOR: It's almost unfair that you of all people should be allowed to achieve it.

DAVROS: A final act of sacrifice. At least you know the concept of martyrdom is alien to the Daleks. I sense the impulses once again, Doctor. Run. Run now.

DOCTOR: Goodbye, Davros. I'm afraid I can offer you no sympathy.

DAVROS: I expect none from you. Go!

DOCTOR: Come on, Mel

BLACK DALEK: Juggernauts in laboratory have been exterminated.

DALEK 3: Juggernauts now detected in sectors three and eight.

(Door opens and closes.)

DALEK 3: Juggernauts in laboratory. Argh!

BLACK DALEK: Withdraw. All remaining Daleks withdraw. Withdraw. Withdraw.

DALEK: Juggernauts detected in fourth sector.

BLACK DALEK: We are outnumbered. Order all available Daleks on mothership to transmat into colony.

DALEK 1: I obey.

DOCTOR: Mel? Mel, talk to me. Please?

MEL: How far down into Lethe do these mines go?

DOCTOR: We're almost there. Listen to me. Davros was, is an evil man.

MEL: I said I don't want to talk about it right now, Doctor, please? I just want to get back to the Tardis.

DOCTOR: We've arrived.

(Lift door opens.)

DOCTOR: More Daleks. Quickly, over here!

DALEK: Advance. Advance. Advance.

DOCTOR: This way, Mel.

(Breathless.)

DOCTOR: No one about. Onto the transmat dais. Quickly. Oh, and if you encounter any Daleks upon your arrival, raise your hands above your head like this and utter two simple words. I surrender.

MEL: Understood.

DOCTOR: Here goes. Your extremities may tingle a bit.

(Wibble.)

MECHANOID: Destruct.

DALEK: Juggernauts advancing. They must be destroyed. Group four under attack. Do not move. Do not move. Exterminate. (etc.)

(Weapons fire, explosions.)

DALEK: Juggernauts eliminated in sector five.

DAVROS: Impressive. You have managed to eradicate several of my Juggernauts with ease..

DALEK: Davros! You will accompany us to the Dalek mothership.

DAVROS: I'm afraid not. The time has come for us all to slip into the void.

DALEK: Explain.

DAVROS: The fire grows within.

DALEK: Alert! Withdraw! Withdraw!

(KaBOOM! with secondary explosions, then just a howling wind.)

MEL: Come on, Doctor, come on.

(Wibble.)

MEL: Oh, Doctor!

DOCTOR: Oh! Oh, that was close. Hello, Mel. Are we alone?

MEL: It would appear so.

DOCTOR: We won't be for long. The Daleks on the bridge will have registered our arrival. It may take a moment or two, but we should be receiving visitors very soon.

DALEK [OC]: Alert! Alert! Alien intruders in transmat chamber. Seek. Locate. Annihilate.

DOCTOR: As I was saying.

MEL: Doctor?

DOCTOR: Oh right, now, let's see. Yes, look, there she stands, Mel. Oh, have you ever seen a more beautiful sight in all your life?

MEL: You mean your tumble-down Tardis?

DOCTOR: Absolutely perfect, isn't she?

MEL: Right now? Yes. It's been a long time for me. I'm glad to be home.

DOCTOR: Come on, then. Inside, quickly.

DOCTOR: Now, before we vamoose from this end of the galaxy for a while. Yes, there. We should be able to trace Sonali now. Do you want to do the honours?

MEL: Oh please. Sonali? Sonali, this is Mel. Can you read me? Over.

SONALI [OC]: Yes, I hear you, Mel.

MEL: How are things going?

SONALI [OC]: We've got a small convoy of three ships, two ore transports packed with miners and command staff, and us. Where are you?

DOCTOR: We're safe, but you may not be. I don't wish to add any undue stress to the situation, but I strongly suggest you jump out of this solar system as soon as possible. If I know my Dalek strategists, there's an Imperial Dalek intercept squad on approach to Letha. Things could get a little hairy out there.

SONALI [OC]: Understood, Doctor. There's a station only a few parsecs from here.

DOCTOR: Very good, Sonali. Take care of yourself.

MEL: Good luck, Sonali.

SONALI [OC]: Goodbye, Mel. Goodbye, Doctor. Out.

(Mel starts crying.)

DOCTOR: Mel?

MEL: I'm sorry, Doctor. I'm sorry for the wicked things I did down there. I'm no better than Davros.

DOCTOR: No. No, don't say that. You're so much more than he ever was. Your conscience is intact. I doubt if Davros ever shed a tear in his life. He certainly never once exhibited the quality of mercy.

MEL: And I made him pay for that, but it's really not my place to make those decisions.

DOCTOR: When your heart is as black as Davros's, the future looks grim. It's almost poetic that he fell to one of his own creations. You may have nudged the ball a little, but it was rolling a long, long time ago. Now, let's go.

MEL: Oh, one moment. Are the Daleks outside the Tardis yet?

(Scanner activated.)

DOCTOR: Er, no, not yet. But they won't be long. I imagine the Dalek Supreme left only a skeleton staff up

here, but even so

MEL: I just need a few seconds. Please, open the door.

DOCTOR: Mel, I'm not sure that

MEL: Please.

DOCTOR: All right. But whatever you're doing, be quick.

(Tardis door opens. The musical box plays. Tardis door closes. The Tardis dematerialises. The musical box finishes playing.)